

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

On the 10th. of April, 1824, he was riding with Count Gamba and his body-guard of fifty Suliotes, when three miles from Missolonghi, he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. It was his usual custom to dismount at the walls, and return to his own quarters in a boat. On the present occasion, he was importuned by Gamba to ride home to his very door, and so avoid the evil consequences of sitting in his wet clothes, exposed to the rain, Byron refused, saying: "A pretty soldier you would make me—afraid of a shower of rain." He therefore persisted in his determination, and returned in his usual manner. Two hours after his arrival home, he was seized with shudderings and rheumatic pains; and when Gamba entered his room at eight o'clock in the evening, he found the great poet lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy.

The next day he rose at his usual hour, transacted business, and was even well enough to ride in the olive wood, accompanied by his long train of soldiers. Byron was fond of dramatic pomp, and it followed him to his grave. This was the last time he ever crossed his threshold alive.

On his return, he told Fletcher he felt so ill that he feared the saddle had not been thoroughly dried. In the evening, Mr. Finlay and Dr. Millingen called upon him. They found him gay as usual, but all on a sudden he became pensive, and in that state they left him.

His restlessness increased, and on the 12th he kept his bed. Although unable either to sleep or eat, on the two following days his fever seemed to decline; but so did his strength. During this time, he suffered much in his head.

Towards the evening of the 14th, Dr. Bruno urged him to be bled. To this operation he had, throughout life, evinced the strongest repugnance; he would therefore not consent. It was this night that he tested the accuracy of his memory, by repeating some Latin verses he learned at school. Only being one word out, he expressed himself satisfied with the result. Unlike as the two men are, we cannot help recalling to the reader's recollection a parallel experiment of Samuel Johnson, when on his deathbed.

All things seemed to conspire against the

hero-poet. The weather was so stormy, that no ship could be sent to Zante for better medical advice; the rain descended in torrents; and between the floods from the shore, and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was the home of malaria.

It was at this minute that Dr. Millingen was called in professionally. Unfortunately for the world, he was an advocate for bleeding. Byron's intellect, however, fell not without a logical struggle. He argued the question for some time, combating the quackeries of the medical profession with the solidities of common sense and experience. Among other remarks, Byron said, "that bleeding a man so nervous as himself was like loosening the cords of a harp already suffering for want of tension." How true this was, the fatal sequel proved. "*Bleeding*," added the poet, "*will inevitably kill me*."

Parry, the military engineer, who sat by him this evening, says that "he seemed perfectly calm and resigned, and so unlike his usual manner, that my mind foreboded a fatal result."

Next morning, Drs. Millingen and Bruno renewed their importunities, and Byron, wearied out, extended his arm, angrily exclaiming—"There, you damned butchers! since you will have it so, take as much blood as you like, and have done with it."

These ignorant, reckless quacks had, however, miscalculated. After the first copious bleeding, he grew worse. They bled again, and the case was hopeless. Byron was right; he wanted *more* blood than he already had—not to have it taken from him. As Tennyson says in the *Two Voices*:

"'Tis life, whereof these veins are scant—
More life, and fuller—that I want."

Dr. Southwood Smith and Dr. Arnott have repeatedly acknowledged to the writer of this memoir that a careful review of the case forced them to believe that Byron was bled to death!

On the 17th, the butcherly bleedings were repeated, but he grew worse. Then they blistered him. Mr. Booker, who was one of those stationed to mount guard at his chamber-door, and who was occasionally called in to hold the raving man of genius down in his bed, described, in a conversa-

tion with the writer, the melancholy details of these last few days. Gambo, Fletcher, and Tita were of little use as nurses, in consequence of their grief, which was so injudiciously displayed, as several times to arouse Byron's rebuke.

Parry says: "In all the attendants, there was the officiousness of zeal; but owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessities, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress, and even anguish, during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

On the 18th, Byron rose about three in the afternoon, and, leaning on Tita, his servant, was able to walk into the next room. When seated there, he asked for a book, which he read for a few minutes. Putting the volume suddenly down, he said he felt faint, and again taking Tita's arm, tottered into his bedroom, and returned to bed.

The physicians now becoming alarmed, called in Dr. Millingen's assistant, Dr. Freiber, and a Greek physician, Luca Vaga, attached to Mavrocordato. After some hesitation on Byron's part, they were at last admitted to the patient. Dr. Millingen's account severely censures Bruno's course of treatment, for he says that, contrary to his advice, he administered valerian and ether, which produced an immediate return of the convulsions and delirium, in an aggravated shape. It is singular that, like Napoleon in his last moments, Byron fancied he was leading troops on to an assault, calling out, half in English, half in Italian—"Forwards! courage! follow me!"

On coming to himself again, he asked Fletcher to send for Dr. Thomas, as he wished to know what really was the matter with him. With that geniality which ever belongs to the true poet, he then expressed the regret he felt at requiring such a fatiguing attendance.

It was now evident to all around him that he felt his last hour was rapidly approaching, and that he was most anxious to communicate his dying wishes. Calling Fletcher to him, he commenced talking in so rapid and

indistinct a manner as to bewilder that faithful servant. Upon his offering to bring pen and paper for Byron to write down what he meant, the departing poet cried—"There is no time: all is nearly over. I am dying. Go to my sister; go to Lady Byron—she will surely see you. Tell her"—here his feelings overpowered him, but, after a pause, he again commenced muttering and ejaculating, but so indistinctly, that only a word here and there was intelligible. For full twenty minutes did this painful scene go on, the attendants being able only to catch at intervals isolated words, such as "Guiccioli—Ada—my wife—Hobhouse—Angusta—Kinnaird." After a pause, he said in a clear, distinct manner—"Now I have told you all." Fletcher replied—"My lord, I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying." "Not understand me!" exclaimed the dying poet. "God help me! what a pity! It is too late: all is now over." "I hope not," said Fletcher: "but the Lord's will be done!" "Yes, His will—not mine," murmured Byron.

A sedative was now administered to him, and the bandage round his head was loosened. When it was done, he said, "Ah! Christ!" and shed a few tears. He then sank into a profound sleep. Awakening in about an hour, he began to mutter again to himself, but only words here and there could be distinguished. Among them were—"Poor Greece! Poor town! My poor servants! My hour is come! I do not care for death; but why was I not told of my fate sooner? Why did I not go to England before I came here? But all is over now. There are things here which make the world dear to me. For the rest, I am content to die."

Towards six o'clock this evening, he turned round in his bed, saying—"Now I shall go to sleep." These were the last words he ever uttered; for immediately after he fell into that sleep from which he never woke. For the next twenty-four hours, he lay without sense and motion; and at a quarter past six on the following day—the 19th April—he was observed to open his eyes, and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—Byron was dead!

SAND OF THE SABBATICAL RIVER.—"As to the Sabbatical River, I heard it from my father, saith Menasseh Ben Israel (and fathers do not use to impose upon their sons), that there was an Arabian at Lisbon, in Portugal, who had an hour glass filled with the sand taken out of the bottom of this river, which ran all the week till the Sabbath, and then ceased; and that every Friday, in the evening, this Arabian would

walk through the streets of that city and show this glass to the Jews who counterfeited Christianity, saying, Ye Jews, shut up your shops, for now the Sabbath comes!—I should not speak of these glasses, saith he, but that the authority of my father has great power over me, and induces me to believe that the miracle is from God."—*R. B.'s Memorable Remarks concerning the Jews*, p. 46.

From the British Quarterly Review.

- (1.) *The Poetical Works of George Herbert; with Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes.* By the REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN. (Library of the British Poets. 1853.)
- (2.) *The Works of George Herbert, in Prose and Verse.* Edited by the REV. R. A. WILLMOTT. With Illustrations. (Routledge's Series of British Poets.) 1854.

AMONG the numerous 'series' of reprints claiming public attention, poetry seems certainly destined to take the lead. While we have an historical series, an antiquarian series, a classical series, a philosophical series, and some half-dozen series upon series besides, we find that no less than three separate reprints of the works of our British poets are 'in the field to-day.' There is Nichols' *Library Edition of the British Poets*, Routledge's *Series of the British Poets*, and Parker's *Annotated Edition of the English Poets*. And well pleased are we to find that these series no longer begin with Cowley, thus ignoring full half of our finest poetry; but that they begin as they ought, with Chaucer and Gower.

At the same time we are vexed to perceive how many writers, who, even by the merest courtesy, cannot be termed 'poets,' have still place here. In Mr. Nichols' list, the effect is actually ludicrous when we read in order the names of Shelly, Shenstone, Smart, Smollett,—what place have the three last among that proud company—our national poets? what place indeed have such writers as Armstrong, Ferguson, Gifford, Hamilton, Logan, Ross, Tickell, and many more? Nor is Mr. Routledge's list much more select, for Shenstone and Smollett occupy the same volume with Goldsmith—what profanation! and poor Kirke White has a whole volume to himself. With Mr. Willmott's well-known taste, and love of our elder writers, we, however, anticipate better arrangements for the future. But to return to Mr. Nichols' list, which is remarkably extensive. Why is Lady Pembroke omitted, while Mrs. Opie finds a place? why Joanna Baillie, worthy high place in right of her noble lyrics? why Sir Philip Sydney forgotten, while Surrey and Wyatt are here? If Henry Vaughan be admitted, Dr. Henry More should be; Daniel too, and Sylvester; while Chapman and Marlowe can never be overlooked when we contemplate the choir of true poets of the reign of Elizabeth.

It is in no spirit of captious criticism that these remarks are made. We rejoice to see such active exertions to supply our rising population with the treasures of our native poetry; well assured that the more they

read, and compare our earlier poets with the later, so will the 'weighty bullion' of their verse claim reverence, and the surface-polish, and the mere gilding of the poetry of that 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,' appear what it really is—utterly worthless. To some of those great early poets, we hope to direct the reader's attention, but the publication of two editions of the poems of George Herbert,—poems which, as the reader well knows, from the circumstances of their publication, as well as through the delightful little memoir of Isaak Walton, have attained a wide celebrity,—will turn our thoughts for the present to the religious poetry of the era when he flourished, and also to the influences by which he was surrounded. As the notices of his life, both by Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. Willmott, are very fragmentary, we will endeavour to combine from various sources a sketch of his earlier days, and then proceed to compare his poems with those of contemporary writers, and seek to estimate their respective merits.

It is true enough, as George Herbert's biographers have remarked, that there is little of incident in his life. Still, although the tale of his short career divides itself into three simple episodes,—the diligent student at Cambridge, the brief visitant at court, the lowly, self-denying parish priest at Bemerton,—still, when we remember the times in which his lot was cast, the men among whom he daily walked, that short life, and its scanty memorials, will provide food for suggestive thought. George Herbert was a resident in London ere the glorious names which have made the reign of Elizabeth bright to all generations had become names only, when Camden, Selden, Rayleigh, Sackville, Drayton,—most of our great dramatists, and Shakspeare himself, walked our streets—at Cambridge, when Herrick, Giles, Fletcher, Fanshawe, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Cromwell, were fellow-students; a visitant at a court, to whose pleasures Inigo Jones, and Marston, and Middleton, and Ben Jonson ministered—a court where Andrewes, Wotton, Donne, Coke, Bacon, held high place. All these he must have looked upon; with many he must have exchanged formal courtesies and quaint compliments. Would that George Herbert had kept a diary. It is pleasant to picture to oneself the every-day world of Herbert's youth,—to call up, though as faintest shadows, that crowd of illustrious men his eye looked upon bodily. This we may not do; but thanks to the loving care of good Isaak Walton,—to that most characteristic fragment of autobiography Herbert's eldest brother has bequeathed us; thanks too, to the many gossiping, and sometimes prosing, but still sug-

gestive, diaries, and letters of his contemporaries, we may be able to obtain some glimpses of life in the family, the college, and the court, as he, ere his retirement to the quiet country parsonage, beheld them.

The Herberts were an ancient and wealthy family, not noble, but allied to nobility by kindred with the illustrious house of Pembroke. The family estates were in Montgomeryshire, and the original seat of the Herberts was at Blackhall. And here for generations they dwelt, hunting and hawking, and carrying on a vigorous warfare with the strong thieves of the Welsh marches, and gaining a fame the whole country round for their munificent house-keeping. Indeed, with equal pride does Edward record the gallant contest of his grandfather with the bold outlaw, and the saying,—so gratifying to a 'gentleman householder' in those days, when the way to the hearts of his retainers was through their mouths, that 'fly where thou wilt, thou wilt light at Blackhall,' for, he continues, 'there was a very long table in the hall, twice covered with the best meats that could be gotten, twice every day, and remembering the habits of these times, we may well believe that the hall was always well filled. It was therefore in almost baronial state that the Herberts lived; and when they removed to Montgomery castle, where the subject of our memoir was born, there, doubtless, would be seen all the formal observances, and the almost feudal state, of the household of a worshipful gentleman' of Queen Elizabeth's days.

Richard Herbert, the father, had a numerous family; six sons and three daughters born during his life, and a seventh son born some months after his decease. The eldest, Edward, lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose after life contrasts so mournfully with that of his brother, was born in 1581, and appears to have been sent almost in infancy to his maternal grandmother, lady Newport of High Arkall, in the county of Salop. It is worthy a passing remark, that however harsh the old system of instruction might have been, that fatal plan—fatal alike to physical and mental progress—of harassing children of two and three years of age with 'book-learning,' was wholly unknown. Lord Herbert tells us that it was not until seven years had passed that he was put to his book. This, he remarks, was rather late, and he attributes it to a weakness in his eyes; but we have repeatedly found instances of education beginning at nearly as late a time, and cannot call to mind a single instance of the child being set to his horn-book and primer until past five years of age. Edward naively enough tells how early his pugnacious qualities were developed, for although his tutor

had no reason to correct him for backwardness, when once he set about learning, yet he often received punishment for 'going to cuffs with two schoolfellows elder than I, but never for telling a lie.' With his grandmother, then a widow, and to whose uprightness and kindness he bears a warm testimony, he remained until he had attained the age of twelve years, and then just about the time that George was born, he was sent to Oxford.

Meanwhile Richard Herbert's family increased; Edward was still at Oxford, his younger brothers under the care of a tutor, and George with the little ones, just released from the go-cart, when the father was seized with heavy sickness. The mother, who has received high praise from Herbert's biographers, and who certainly was an active, intelligent, shrewd, business-like woman,—a class very numerous among the widows of noble families in those days, perceiving that the illness of her husband, even if it did not end in death, would incapacitate him from the management of his children—it being lethargy,—sent to Oxford for the heir, and having secured him, despatched her brother, Sir Francis Newport, with all speed to London to obtain conjointly with him, the wardship of all the children. Little do those readers, who are unacquainted with the social history of those times, know the importance of this step, and how, had it not been taken, the heir of the family would have been 'begged' by some courtier, who for a sum paid down to the Court of Wards, would have had the complete custody of his person and his lands, together with the right of bestowing him in marriage to whomsoever he pleased, independently of his relatives, even of his mother, while the younger children, if possessed of separate property, would have been similarly treated, or if destitute, flung into various hands to become needy hangers-on in noble families, or sizzars drawing beer for their colleges, or forced abroad to handle a pike in the Low Countries, or with 'only one frieze coat to his back,' fain to set sail with some 'sea captain,' half pirate, half merchantman, in search of El Dorado, or some well freighted Spanish galleon. It would be well if those who look with scant favour on the days of the protectorate, would but remember, that to him, who made those days famous, we owe the abolition of that most oppressive of tribunals,—that source of unimagined suffering to the widow and orphan,—the Court of Wards.

The favour so earnestly sought for by the Lady Magdalene Herbert and her brother, was granted,—probably through the intervention of the Earl of Pembroke,—and

Richard Herbert having been laid to rest among his fathers, the heir was sent back to Oxford, whither, after the birth of her youngest and her posthumous child, the mother repaired. Here Edward continued pursuing his studies at Queen's College, his two next brothers, probably the third also, with him. Little time elapsed after her husband's death, ere lady Magdalene sought about for 'a good match' for her eldest son. He was little more than fifteen, but, strange as it seems to us, his mother's offer was eagerly clutched by one Sir William Herbert, who had a large estate, and an only daughter, who seemed destined to remain single, as he declared she should only marry a Herbert. There was wealth on both sides, and equal rank,—nay, what was as attractive in old Welsh families, relationship,—so the father of the lady, who was more than twenty-one, and the mother of the student youth of fifteen, made up the marriage, and as completely as if he had been 'sold' to some rapacious nobleman, or courtier, eager to secure a good bargain, was the haughty, impulsive Edward Herbert sold, almost in his boyhood, by his managing mother. There is a simple pathos in the quiet way in which he narrates this business transaction: 'and so, notwithstanding the disparity of years between us, on Feb., 1597-8, in the house of Eyton, by the same man that had married my father and mother, and christened me, I espoused her. He then tells us that he returned to Oxford, with his mother and wife, and followed my book more closely than ever.

Meanwhile George, and his younger brothers, were placed under the care of a private tutor, and doubtless 'the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit, that shined and became so eminent and lively in this his innocent age,' as Isaak Walton prettily remarks, were already apparent. Shortly before the death of Queen Elizabeth, the whole family came to London, where they lived in high style, and Edward, on his coming of age, was desired by his mother 'to take the burthen of providing for my brothers and sisters, although she had all my father's leases, and goods which were of great value.' He therefore settled £30 yearly on each of his six brothers, and portioned off his three sisters, who soon after 'made good matches,' with £1,000 each. From subsequent notices we think there is little doubt that, although the mother could bestow such liberal bounty upon Donne,—who became acquainted with her at Oxford,—that he declared both spring and summer beauty to be outdone by her 'autumnal face,' and could years after lavish her wealth upon a husband not half her age, yet that her own children ever found

her most niggard in her bounty towards them.

And now Elizabeth died, James succeeded, and young Edward, who had already become fascinated with the splendour of a court, where his relation and patron, William, Earl of Pembroke, with his brother, Sir Philip Herbert, stood so high in favour, prepared to begin that singular career of Quixotic gallantry, which is so naively told in his memoir, and which we think must have excited the astonishment as well as disapprobation of the staid lady Magdalene. He was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James, and commenced courtier-life, while little George, having mastered his Accidence and Lilly, was sent to Westminster school, at this time presided over by Mr. Ireland, where 'he came to be perfected in the learned languages, and especially the Greek tongue.' Here he remained until the spring of 1608, when his eldest brother set out for the court of the French king, and his mother took a second husband to the great amusement of her noble friends, who made merry at 'the widow Herbert's choice, who hath married Sir John Danvers, being more than twice his age,' while he, as King's Scholar, was elected for Trinity College, Cambridge, whither, in company with Hackett, the writer of that characteristic life of archbishop Williams, he was sent.

It is very probable, we think, that the ill-assorted marriage of his mother chafed the haughty spirit of her first-born, and determined him to go abroad. Although he never mentions this marriage, yet he seems to allude to it, when he tells us that in the same year he urged upon his wife, who appears to have had large separate property, the propriety of making some especial provision for their three children; urging, 'that as one must die before the other, and the survivor doubtless would marry again,' they ought not to be left to the mere mercy of a step-parent.' This proposal the lady rejected; 'so I then told her, that as I was too young to go beyond seas before I married her, she would now give me leave to see foreign countries,' adding, that if she would comply with his request for the children's settlement, he would not go. To this she coolly replied, that 'though she should be sorry, yet 'if I would needs go she could not help it.' Thus ended this hapless union. Sir Edward set forth to challenge gentlemen who had rudely snatched away ladies' top-knots, or stolen cherished ribbons,—indeed, as he remarks with no little exultation, after describing one of these encounters,—'I remember three other times when I engaged myself to challenge men who I conceived to have injured (!) ladies,' and alas! amid the

loose morals and skeptical notions of the French court, to make shipwreck too of his early teaching, and become almost the earliest infidel writer of his country. It is but just, that while the praises of George Herbert's mother are so implicitly re-echoed by each successive biographer, one among them, at least, should point to the blighted youth, and consequent sad fate of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Ere we follow George to Cambridge, we may first glance at the fortunes of his other brothers, illustrative as they are of the times. Richard, the second son, went to the Low Countries as a soldier of fortune,—a common calling this, for cadets of noble families. When he died, his brother has not told us; but he remarks with great satisfaction, 'that he fought so many single duels, that he carried the scars of twenty-four wounds upon him to his grave.' William, the next, went to Denmark, also as a soldier of fortune, and died in the Low Countries, but not before having given proofs of his pugnacious disposition, much to the delight of Edward Herbert, who seems to have viewed single combat almost as the whole duty of man. Charles, the fourth son, died early, in the peaceful seclusion of New College, Oxford; while to George, our present subject, his brother pays a tribute of kindly admiration, adding, what we should scarcely have suspected, that 'he was not exempt from passion and choler, being infirmities to which all our race are subject.' Henry, the sixth son, pushed his fortunes successfully at court, probably through the influence of his eldest brother. He became master of the revels, 'by which means, as also by a good marriage, he attained to great fortunes;' and characteristically adds his brother, 'he also hath given several proofs of his courage in duels, and otherwise.' Thomas, the posthumous child, went into the naval service, but seems to have been far from successful. He and Henry, together with Lord Herbert, their biographer, were the only survivors of that large family at the beginning of the civil war.

The Cambridge of George Herbert's days was as different to the Cambridge of to-day, as the court of James the First was to the court of Victoria. Sir Symond D'Ewes will supply us with some curious traits of the University and its scholars during his residence in 1618—21. There was much severity among the professors, and much rudeness among the students; hard drinking was common; the use of tobacco, notwithstanding the royal denunciation, very prevalent, and quarrels between the members of rival colleges so violent, that serious mischief often ensued. Indeed, only eight years be-

fore Herbert's residence there, we find records of a terrific onslaught by the students of Trinity upon 'St. John's menne,' when they 'gathered, and laid up in the tower as many stones as would fill a large studye;' and besides this 'provision of stones laid up,' they further provided 'some buckets of water to poure downe upon St. John's menne;' and further still, were duly armed after the fashion of the London apprentices, with clubs. No wonder therefore, was it, as the old document relates, that 'Pratt, of St. John's, standing facing Trinity by the trompeteres, received a grievous wound from a stone cast from the tower; and Mr. Massey, Master of Arts, as he descended the hall-steps, was felled to the ground by a club.' This violent scene appears to have been connected with the dramatic performances, then very frequent. Nor in private did the scholars display more courtesy or refinement. Sir Symond D'Ewes describes among other coarse amusements, a game called 'salting.' This, he tells us, was a burlesque on the exercises of the schools, and in which, he who did ill, was compelled to drink a certain quantity of salted-beer! Indeed, he adds, 'the main thing that made me weary of the college, was, swearing, drinking, rioting, and hatred of all piety and virtue, under false and adulterate nick-names.' So widely did this general demoralization prevail, that Cambridge, in the very pulpit of St. Mary's, was stigmatized as '*mater artium, noverca virtutum*.'² Rightly, therefore, did Herbert's prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose, or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had implanted in his mind, procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil, master of Trinity, to take him into his particular care, and provide him with a tutor.' And rightly, too, did the young scholar, we think, 'keep himself too retired, and at too great a distance from his inferiors,' preferring, like Milton, the calm society of his books, and the solace of his lute and viol, to the boisterous merriment, and deep potations of his fellow students.

In the schools Herbert was more at home; his advance in academic rank was rapid, nor did the stern master, or the '*rauca murmur scholæ*,' which grated so harshly on Milton's ear, ever wring a complaint from him. While his more gifted, more spirited contemporary bitterly exclaimed—

* It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding this general immorality, D'Ewes states that, 'the truth was in all public sermons maintained; and none dared to commit idolatry, by bowing to, or adoring the altar.' We may perhaps find in this important fact, the reason not only why Cambridge was the favourite resort of the puritan party, but why Herbert, notwithstanding his high church tastes, approximated so closely to puritan doctrine.

'Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male *Phæbicolis* convenit ille locus,'

even while writing glorious poems there, 'which the world would not willingly let die,' George Herbert was eyeing with reverence his '*alma mater*,' and esteeming it the height of his youthful ambition to become one of her most dutiful sons. When, however, we find in the curious diary just quoted, that at this period, 'the chief studies, were logic, ethics, and physics, for *classical studies were subordinate*, and reserved for the evening,' we are supplied with an additional reason for the rooted dislike which Milton felt for Cambridge.

There were high festivals here, while Herbert was a student. In 1612, the young Count Palatine, with Prince Charles, came, and were entertained with scholastic disputations in the morning, and with dramatic entertainments at night. The latter must have been not a little wearisome, for it is recorded that the play begun about seven o'clock, and continued until one! No wonder was it that the Palatine slept nearly all the time, although Prince Charles—and he was but twelve years old—'seemed to listen with very good patience and great contentment.' We should rather doubt the latter.

But greater honours were in store for Cambridge. In March, 1614, 'the high and mighty King James,' with 'a concourse of gallants and great men,' arrived, and took up his residence at Trinity, while the lord treasurer 'kept his table at St. John's,' expending five thousand pounds in the five days, during which time the consumption in wine alone was twenty-six tuns! Choice scholastic discussions again occupied the mornings, and each evening the royal party assembled in Trinity College hall to see the plays performed by the students of Trinity and St. John's. On the second night the spirited comedy of *Ignoramus* was performed, to the great delight of the king, who welcomed it as an attack on that great lawyer, Coke; on the third night, the stupid play of *Albumazar** was presented, and on the fourth, a Latin pastoral. In these there is no doubt Herbert took part, well fitted alike, by his classical taste, his graceful person, and his courtly bearing. It was on this occasion that he was noticed by Andrewes, and Bacon, and commenced a

friendship with them which only ceased at their deaths.

This especial favour bestowed on one university, naturally enough awakened the jealousy of the other; so Corbett, then resident at Oxford, indited one of his most scoffing ballads, to be sung too, 'to a doleful merry tune,' in which the dulness, the dampness, and the dirtiness of Cambridge, together with the rudeness of the scholars, the prosy speeches, and, for a climax, the false Latin of one of the speakers, were duly set forth. The last blow was more than any university, patronized by 'that pedant among kings, and king among pedants,' could endure, so another ballad, by way of answer, appeared. The reader may see them both in that very curious, and often valuable compilation,—Nichols' *Progress of King James*, which will also supply him with the 'answer to both, by a courtier,' in which each verse ends with the complimentary refrain—

'Both exceeded, neither needed, fooles with fooles to change.'

King James, however, perhaps to show his royal displeasure against those who dared to express any opinion on the subject, paid a second visit to Cambridge, only two months later. Again, *Ignoramus* was presented in Trinity College hall by the students, and there he sat in great state, highly delighted, 'and oftentimes with his hands, and by his words, applauding it.'

Two years later, that fine allegorical drama, *Lingua*, was performed at Trinity. This incident is worth recording, from its connexion with the tradition, that Cromwell, then a scholar at Sidney College, took part with it; investing himself with the royal robe and ermine, the mere actor, in a scene hereafter to be performed with real and solemn significance. We greatly doubt the story, although resting on nearly contemporary authority; for the habits and character of Cromwell altogether repel the notion, that he who played so mighty a part in the grand drama of a nation's history, 'ever strutted his short hour' on a mimic stage. Still, among the crowd that night in Trinity College hall,—pushed aside by silken gallants,—looked at, if looked at at all, with indifference, perhaps with contempt,—he might have stood; he, the victor of Marston Moor, of Naseby, of Worcester; he, ere long to be that more than monarch, 'ruler by God's grace, and the might of his own soul.'

What would quiet, submissive George Herbert have said, could the history of these coming years,—the fortunes of that great man, have been revealed to him? He was then earning golden opinions from heads of colleges, by breaking a feeble lance—a very

* The reader will remember Milton's indignant censure of scholars about to enter the ministry, exhibiting 'all the anticks and dishonest gestures of Trincolos and Buffons.' Now the reference here is not to that Trinculo, led about in drunken bewilderment by 'little dainty Ariel,' but to the buffoon in '*Albumazar*,' one 'Tom Trincolo,' whose stupid, and worse than stupid, jests might suit King James, but would have been scouted at Globe and Fortune.

bulrush—against brave old Andrew Melville: putting forth '*epigrammata*' pointless enough, but bristling with hard names and harsh epithets. '*Insolens, audax, facinus nefandum*;' how strange does this line appear, compared with the meek spirit of Herbert's English poems. And meek enough,—and more than enough,—was he, save when the opinions in which he had been bred were assailed. We have a letter of his, written about this time to his mother's second husband, and there is a pathos, almost a brokenheartedness about it, that is quite painful. In it, the poor young man thus pleads,—not for expensive presents, not even for a provision suitable to one, whose eldest brother had just set out as ambassador to France, but merely for books, 'for what tradesman is there who will set up without his tools?'

'Pardon my boldness, for it is a most serious case, nor can I write coldly in that, wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. . . . Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find my annuities (and this was only a pittance of £30) little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered, so that I am fain to buy ever and anon, somewhat tending toward my health, for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chamber at mine own cost; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats. Out of Lent also, twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh air. I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado, to make one year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it—yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But alas! Sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which every day swell, and grow bigger?'

With a sorrowful earnestness does this gifted young man go on pleading for aid, 'not in vain pleasures, or to a vain end,'—even offering to sink his annuity! and yet George Herbert was at this time actually twenty-four, and the patron to whom he addressed his petition, the very man who was living on his mother's property, and but a few years older than himself! From subsequent letters, it seems likely that Sir John Danvers returned a favorable answer to his step-son's supplication, and soon after, we find that Herbert became Prælector in Rhetoric, and that his lectures were well attended.

But close study ill suited a young man in

delicate health, and as ill did the marshy swamps of Cambridge accord with his strong tendency to ague. His eldest brother was now representative of his country in France; his two next brothers were, as he finely describes their calling, 'chasing—

'Brave employments with a naked sword

Throughout the world.'

Even his younger brother Henry had been sent to Paris; no wonder that he longed to enter upon public life too. This desire seems to us vividly pointed out in one of his most beautiful poems—beautiful not only in its simplicity, but from its personal revelations—the longer poem on Affliction.'

'At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses,
I had my wish and way :—
My days were strewed with flow'rs and happinesses,

There was no month but May.
But with my years, sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.'

'Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown :—
I was entangled in that world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.'

We learn, indeed, from Isaak Walton, that he often expressed a fear that his health would utterly fail, unless he were allowed to quit the University, and travel. But this, 'his mother would by no means permit, though he inclined very much; yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate (?) a mother, but did always submit to her wisdom.' Among the many nice points of casuistry which exercised the *doctores dubitantium* of that day, one defining the limits of obedience, was certainly greatly needed. The limit of submission to kingly power was nobly determined ere that generation had passed away; would that George Herbert had also learnt that there is an equally just limit to the demands of an ambitious mother, careless alike of the health, or happiness of her son.

The close of 1619 saw Herbert installed as public orator at Cambridge, a 'sweetened pill,' to use his own expression, which half reconciled him to seclusion and study. He doubtless trusted that it might eventually prove a stepping stone to some place at court; so he learnt the modern languages, and was soon after introduced to the king, and from thenceforth 'enjoyed his genteel humor for cloaths, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, save when the king was there.' As this was the

king's will, the lady Magdalene, in true oriental style, was compelled to submit, and the poor unwilling student, exulting in his release, seems to have thought no homage too servile for him to tender, or for the monarch to accept. In 1620, James made Cambridge a choice present,—his complete works, bound royally in crimson velvet and gold,—a gift, which Herbert assured him, made the favoured University a library in itself, far above the Bodleian, even above the Vatican! This extravagance might be excused on the ground of his public oratorship; but we find Hackett recording how he subsequently took the king's delectable speeches as the subject of his praelections in rhetoric, remarking how 'utterly unknown such kingly excellencies were, to all the hirelings, and demagogues, and tribolatry rhetoricians of old!' So passed the next three or four years of Herbert's life,—sometimes at Cambridge, but more frequently at court; often, the guest of the Earl of Pembroke, and the Duke of Richmond, the visitant of Andrewes, and Bacon; the associate, but not the friend, of the many writers who made Whitehall illustrious by their genius, though not by their morals. Ere long, death deprived him of Bacon, of the Duke of Richmond, and during the following year, of his royal patron. 'Thus ended his court hopes,' says Walton; all that he gained being a sinecure of some £120 a year.

Herbert now retired into Kent, and, as Walton naively says, 'became such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done.' But it was not as a lover of solitude, that the disappointed scholar sought this utter seclusion; it was that in silence, and alone, he might fight the stern battle of what to him seemed duty, against his long cherished hopes. His mother had desired that he should 'enter into sacred orders,' and against this desire his inclination had long rebelled. But why needed he to quit secular life, when at this very time his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, was showing, not only England, but France and Italy, that a statesman could be a Christian man? We really think the reason which eventually decided Herbert to enter the church was, that it involved no common degree of mortification. It would be great self-sacrifice, a kind of perpetual lent-keeping; and to the over-strained conscience of the disappointed candidate for court honors, the very dislike to the office, was the reason beyond all others he should take it. Would that Herbert had learnt that to do God's work with joy and gladness, even as the angels in heaven, is the duty of His servants upon earth too. The conflict was long and bitter; many of his poems were, we think,

written during its pressure; at length it ended, and submissively—we believe as heart-broken too—as the young girl who lays her crown of roses on the altar, and receives the veil which shuts her out from all her hopes and pleasures, did George Herbert kneel before the bishop, and receive deacon's orders. The exact date is not known, but as he was not instituted prebendary of Layton Ecclesia until sixteen months after the king's death, it proves how lengthened was his struggle.

His first clerical effort was rebuilding the parish church; but in this 'his generous mother' interfered. She sent for him, and desired that he would give his prebend back, 'for George, it is not for your weak body, and empty purse, to undertake to build churches.' Herbert meekly prayed for time to determine, and the next day, 'when he had first desired her blessing, and she had given it him, his next request was, that she would at the age of *thirty-three* years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able, he would rebuild that church.' The submissiveness of the reply disarmed Lady Magdalene; she actually gave him assistance towards it, and obtained that of the Earl of Pembroke and others. During the following year the Lady Magdalene departed. Her obsequies were performed with all honor; Dr. Donne preaching a most laudatory funeral sermon in Chelsea church, 'weeping,' as Isaac Walton tells us; and her son George celebrating her memory in four Greek, and twelve Latin poems, 'the obsequious' *'Parentalia,'* as Barnabas Oley truly calls them, in which, although the lady is compared to Cornelia, and Sempronia, and her wisdom, prudence, and anxious solicitude for his learning, duly recorded, no expression of warm attachment will be found. '*Mater dilecta,' 'mater carissima,'* those phrases which breathe a somewhat of human warmth over the frigid classicality of the Latin elegy, never meet us here; and as the climax of his eulogy, her epitaph pronounces her—

'*Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens.*'

Although in deacon's orders, Herbert seems not to have been anxious to take full orders; and it is curious to find, that at this time it was not considered necessary even to wear the clerical garb; Walton expressly remarking, that not until he had become rector of Bemerton did he 'change his sword and silk cloaths for the canonical coat.' He kept his fellowship and orator's place at Cambridge, until his mother's death, 'in conformity to her will,' but then immediately gave them up, and seems to have gone to

his brother Henry, at Woodford, where 'a sharp quotidian ague' tried him long and severely. Like all invalids, Herbert was fond of doctoring himself, and this he did with such perverse skill, that he cured his ague, but superinduced consumption. Soon after, he sought Lord Danvers' 'noble house, that stands in a choice air,' in Wiltshire, and here probably, during his slow recovery, wrote the poem before referred to, in which he meekly 'stands and waits,' while he yet earnestly prays to 'go and work in the vineyard.'

'Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me

None of my books will show ;
I reade, and sighe, and wish I were a tree,

For sure then I should grow,
To fruit or shade : at least some bird might trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.'

And this meek yearning after something to do, however lowly, he has beautifully expressed in another poem, entitled, 'Employment,' in which he asks to be, but—'As a flower doth spread and die.' For—

'All things are busie ; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water these.

'I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed :—
Lord ! place me in thy consort ; give one strain
To my poore reed !'

High, indeed, among our poets, would Herbert stand, were many of his poems like these two.

And now succeeded the short romance of the poor sickly student's life. His courtship and marriage with Jane Danvers,—pleasant, womanly Jane Danvers,—in three days ! Isaak Walton prettily tells this singular 'love passage ;' how each had long learned to admire, even to love the other, ere they met ; and how this 'marriage in haste' never fulfilled the old proverb, but 'the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual, and equal affections, and compliance.'

But a short span now remained of George Herbert's life, and pleasant is it to think that those last three years were soothed and brightened by the watchful care and beaming smiles of his devoted Jane. Still, 'the burthen,' which his mother had laid upon him, cast a deep shadow even from her grave,—there seemed, too, no way of usefulness opened before him, save the church ; so, after another bitter conflict, the rectory of Bemerton being offered him, he took counsel of Laud, who was then staying at Wilton. George Herbert seeking counsel of Laud ! how strange does this appear ; but the bishop was his spiritual superior ; so the

narrow-minded bigot having determined 'that the refusal of it was a sin,'—Laud was strait-laced enough in some things, though he allowed license enough in others,—the very next day he was ordained, and inducted into the living.

In laying aside the secular garb, Herbert seems to have silenced his misgivings for ever. From henceforth he was the devoted parish priest, and in that chivalrous spirit that vows to behold no blame in the object of its worship, so did he sing the praises of his 'dear mother,' never casting a look on the crushing tyranny of her church-courts, never suspecting that the scourge, the pillory, and the branding-iron, were not implements the most befitting her gentle hand. He may be, as Mr. Willmott remarks, 'pre-eminently a poet of the church ;' but it is curious to perceive how her ritual alone claims his notice. That fiercely contested question which ere long marshalled Hall and Milton in the field of combat,—episcopacy, is never alluded to ; far less, that wider question of

'Both spiritual power, and civil, what each
means,
What severs each.'

But Herbert, who in boyhood had listened to 'the service high' in Westminster Abbey, who, as the Cambridge student, had gazed on the self-same 'storied windows' as Milton, who, as courtier, had worshipped in Whitehall Chapel when Andrewes officiated in laced rochet and gold-fringed gloves, surrounded by fumes of incense ! and chaplains in brodered copes ; who, even when sinking in strength, was fain to repair twice a week to Salisbury Cathedral, that he might forget the hoarse voices and blundering responses of his rude congregation, in the noble music of that era when Bull, and Bird, and Gibbons flourished—it was scarcely strange that he should perceive attractions, unmarked by those who witnessed so many a village congregation 'gaping, scratching the head, or spitting even in the midst of their answers,' and anxiously listening for the rumble of the cart with the booths, and maypole, or the growl of the bear, and mastiffs, and shouts of the drunken crew, bursting into the quiet church-yard, 'with its immemorial trees,' trampling down its soft green sward to chain up the bear and unloose the dogs. Little could they exclaim—

'Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.'

And yet, strange is it to think that such Sabbath profanation must have been known to George Herbert, and that the puritans

too were its sternest denouncers. Did a feeling that all was not well with his 'dear mother,' at length arise in his mind, when he sadly prophesied—unconscious of 'that two handed engine at the door'—that religion should flee to America? We know not; enough is it for us to know that during the short remainder of his days he diligently cultivated the little garden spot entrusted to his care, and that he was laid to rest, ere that battle-cry arose which must sternly have awaked him from his pleasant dream.

Little more remains to be told;—as Mr. Willmott gracefully says, 'how he laboured in this happy corner of the Lord's field, hoping all things, and blessing all people, asking his own way to Zion, and showing it to others, we read in the artless page of Walton,' and many of our readers, unacquainted with the events of Herbert's previous life, are familiar with the story of his slow decay, his holy and happy death, and how the little volume of poems given by him to his friend on his death-bed was published soon after as a precious legacy. There is something suggestive in the curious wording of the entry that records his burial; 'Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fagheston and Bemerton, was buried 3rd day of March, 1632.' His wondering parishioners could not but subjoin the 'esquire' to that born gentleman's name, who, though he taught so meekly among them, yet was guest at princely Wilton, and called the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery kinsmen. Thus was George Herbert laid to sleep: and just as the gentle, timid child, too tender for the rude encounter for which his sterner brethren are bracing on their mail, is carefully conveyed away, so was he taken from earth to heaven, ere that iron conflict began, for which from feelings, and disposition, and early association, he was all unfitted.

In what rank shall we place Herbert as a poet? If some critics have passed him over with that faint praise which is almost blame, others have claimed for him high place even among our foremost poets. That Herbert has been a favorite writer, and that twenty thousand copies of his *Temple* had been sold when Walton published his life, has little to do with his poetical merits, for political reasons alone might account for it. It was just when episcopalian and puritan were about to gird themselves for mortal conflict, that these poems first appeared; and during the long strife, members of the English church, indifferent to the light poems of Carew, and Randolph, and Lovelace, scandalized at the ribaldry of Suckling and Cleiveland, must have hailed a book not only so unexceptionable but so pious.

And then, when that church was proscribed, with still warmer feelings would they cherish the poems of one who, with almost idolatrous affection, celebrated that 'dear mother' who then sat lone and desolate. Thus Herbert's *Temple* became a hand-book to the devout episcopalian; and Christopher Harvey's extravagant rhapsodies actually obtained wide circulation, because they were tagged on as a supplement—a most needless one—to 'Master Herbert's divine poems.'

Let us not be misunderstood in these remarks, as though we denied Herbert's poetical merit; we only show how far political feeling can aid in bringing a work into wide circulation; after that is done, if it have merit it will live, if not, like that far more popular book, *Eikon Basilike*, it will sink into oblivion, and be nowhere found save on the shelf of the book collector. Now, that Herbert has merit, his continued popularity proves—not transcendent merit, for *that* the popular mind does not appreciate, as is proved in its estimate of the various works of our greatest poets, but among the minor poets of a most poetical age, Herbert, in right of some true gems, may be placed.

The chief fault of Herbert is his great inequality. This, it is true, was the characteristic of many contemporary poems, but then they were long ones; and while we feel vexed, almost repelled, as we turn these over, we are sure to be compensated when we come to the shorter. Now, although Herbert cannot be charged with diffuseness, his fault is, to use an old proverb, that 'he cannot let well alone.' Thus some of his poems, short as they are, would still admirably bear curtailment. Here is one 'The Elixir;' it consists of six verses; reduce it to three, and what a fine poem it becomes,—weighty with solemn wisdom, and pointed with noble thoughts:—

'Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

'All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
But with this tincture (for thy sake),
Will not grow bright and clean.

'This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:—
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for lesse be told.'

Many others might be shortened in the same way, and much to their improvement. The extravagant quaintnesses that abound in Herbert's poems, and which Mr. Gillfillan

strangely asserts are 'not of the author so much as of his day,' Mr. Willmott assigns more correctly to the influence of Donne. Where, indeed, save in Donne and the few writers who followed him, shall we find those strange conceits, and far-fetched, or ludicrous figures? Shakespeare and Milton were of that day, but do we meet with such vagaries in their poems? Even courtly Jonson, writing for a pedant king, rarely in his exquisite verses ventures upon a quibble. And Herrick, Sylvester, Wither, even Quarles,—how graceful is their imagery, how unmatched, too, in sweetness is their very diction! We should, therefore, like to know what Mr. Gilfillan means by 'the wild crude rhythm of the period'—a period distinguished far beyond every other for the delicious melody and variety of versification. That Herbert's verse is harsh, in many instances, his admirers must allow; and when we remember his passionate love for music, we cannot account for it. But there seems a labour in many of his poems which is fatal to rhythmical excellence. Here is a specimen from the poem entitled *Praise*, which will illustrate both his overstrained use of metaphor and his harsh numbers:—

'When Thou dost favour any sanction,
It runs—it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou didst blesse hath twelve; one
wheel doth rise
To twentie then, or more.

'But when Thou dost on business blow,
It hangs—it clogs:—
Not all the teams of Albion in a row,
Can hale or drawe it out of doore.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels
but legs,
And struggling hinders more.'

Now, take a similar illustration, though differently applied, from that fine old writer, Quarles:—

'Whene'er the old exchange of profit rings,
Her silver saint's bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant soul can stretch both legs and wings,
Now I can run, and take unwearied pains,—
The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

'But when I come to Thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honor of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,—
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to fly, nor feet to go.

'So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey,
Her upland riches to the Belgick shore,

The idle vessel slides the watery way
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar,—
Her slippery keel divides the silver foam
With ease, so facile is the way from home.

'But when the home-bound vessel turns her
sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O, then she slugs; nor sail or oar prevails,
The stream is sturdy, and her tides extream,
Each stroke is loss, and every tug is vain,
A boat's length purchase is a league of pain.'

How beautifully is this figure wrought out!—each epithet, even the very rhythm, adding finish to the picture. Quarles has often been censured for his quaintnesses, but he has none so extravagant as Herbert's, while there are heights of noble poetry in his despised *Emblems*, which the former could never reach. Take this:—

'The still commandress of the silent night,
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's
eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,—
If he withdraw, her flames are quenched,
and die;
Even so the beams of Thy enlight'ning spirit,
Infused, and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my strength, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight:—
But if Thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all composed of
shades.'

The following verses, which form the conclusion of the poem on 'Let your light so shine before men,' resemble Herbert's, but there is greater finish:—

'Art thou afraid to trust thine easy flame,
To the injurious waste of fortune's puff?
Ah, coward! rouse, and quit thyself for shame,
Who dies in service, hath lived long enough,
Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

'Make not thyself a prisoner, thou art free;
Why dost thou turn thy palace to a jail?
Thou art an eagle, and befits it thee
To live immured like the cloister'd snail?—
Let toys seek corners; things of cost
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but lost.'

For ourselves, we are greatly inclined to prefer Herbert's homelier poems to those on which he lavished so much ingenuity. Many of these latter have, indeed, fine passages; but the lofty thought too often is followed by one actually ludicrous, and the beautiful figure by another its very reverse. With the exception of the two poems referred to in our remarks on his life, we scarcely find one free from this. Even those exquisite lines,—'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,'—how are they spoilt by the next

verse, where the very flower of beauty is addressed as:—

'Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the bold gazer wipe his eye.'

The rose angry!—the soft, rich colouring of its folded leaves painful to the sight! What but the strangest love of paradox could have imagined such a figure. Sometimes the illustrations are really ludicrous, however solemn the subject, as this:—

'Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might,
when grief
Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.'

But when Herbert sits down simply to write for others, as in his *Church Porch*, and in some few of his smaller poems, 'the proverbial philosophy of common sense,' as Mr. Willmott truly says, gives his poetry a powerful charm. How fine and sententious is *Business*—how appallingly forcible his *Domesday*.

'Come away,
Make no delay,
Summon all the dust to rise,—
Till it stir, and rub the eyes.'

What a 'vision of dry bones' is this! But, above all, how powerful and how winning are his counsels in that noble *Church Porch*! Truly Shakespearean are many stanzas:—

'Art thou a magistrate? then be severe;
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurred;
Redeem truth from his jaws; if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.'

'Slight those who say amid their sickly healths,
Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man?

Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths;
Entice the trustie sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line; beckon the skie,
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.'

The chief cause of Herbert's wide celebrity has arisen, we think, from the notion that he and Milton—some would perhaps add Quarles—were the only writers of religious poetry of that day. So effectually indeed did the pretended taste of 'the Augustan age' complete the work of the Restoration by ignoring all our earlier poetry, that when Percy, Dalrymple, and Sir Egerton Brydges, first brought out their specimens, the public were almost as surprised as if parchments from Pompeii had been unrolled before them. They knew that the field of Eng-

lish poetry had lain fallow and bare beneath the blight of the Restoration, but were all unconscious of the glorious harvest—a scanty handful of which was now brought them—that had been reaped by earlier hands. Still less were they aware—even the present generation is not yet aware—of the stores of magnificent sacred poetry with which that era abounds. Few, indeed, were the poets of the two earlier schools who did not sometimes tune their harps to 'a higher mood.' Spenser, Lady Pembroke, Sydney, Sir John Davies, Secretary Davison, all wrote fine sacred poetry. Later, Ben Jonson could turn aside from masque and drama to write religious verse. Donne, too, whom we can scarcely forgive for spoiling Herbert's style,—even Herrick, the English Anacreon, who with richer imagination sang of spring, and springtide blossoms, and the blue sunny skies, as though life were but one long holiday, in his old age—sent forth a volume of hymns, forgotten now, but never can his exquisite *Letany* be forgotten, with its earnest touching refrain, 'Sweet Spirit comfort me!' To Quarles we have already referred. Herrick's *Noble Numbers* are all unworthy his fame; but there are two other religious poets to whom the age has yet to do justice,—one already holding high place among our secular poets,—George Wither; the other a writer popular, in his day, but who has sunk into oblivion from being viewed as a mere translator; but whose fine *Letanies on the Lord's Prayer*, we have never seen even noticed—Joshua Sylvester.

To every lover of our early poetry, George Wither, and his exquisite 'Address to the Muse' who visited him in the solitude of his cell in the Marshalsea, will be familiar; but few, even among those who have *The Shepherd's Hunting* by heart, have read that noble strain wherein he calls on 'the heavens above and the earth beneath,' to praise the God who made them:—

'Come, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sing th' Almighty's praise;

'Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And amidst this mortal throng,
Be ye masters of the song;
Angels, and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours,
Let, in praise of God the sound,
Run a never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He?

'From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest base shall come,
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar;—

To this consort when we sing,
Whistling winds your descendant bring,
Which may bear the sound above,
Where the orb of fire doth move!

'So shall he from heaven's high tower,
On the earth his blessings shower;
All this huge, wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be;
There our voices will we rear,
Till we fill it everywhere,
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air to sink to hell,—
Thus, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sing th' Almighty's praise.'

This is the noble introduction to his *Preparation for the Psalter*, a finely written prose work, which in parts strongly reminded us of Milton, and which is concluded with a poetic 'prayer,' for aid and guidance. Through most of Wither's longer secular poems fine religious passages occur. Here is one from *His Motto*, which, published in 1621, became so popular, that thirty thousand copies are said to have been sold in a short time:—

'Yet I confess, in this my pilgrimage,
I, like some infant, am of tender age,
For as the childe, who from his father hathe
Strayed in some grove, thro' many a crooked
 pathes,
Is sometime hopeful that he finde the way,
And sometimes doubtful he runs more astray;
Sometimes with fair and easie pathes doth meet,
Sometimes with rougher tracts that stay his
 feet,
Here runs, there goes, and then amazed strays,
Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and
 plays;
Then, hearing, where his loving father calls,
Makes haste, but thro' a zeal ill-guided falls,
Or runs some other way, until that he,
Whose love is more than his endeavours be,
To seek the wanderer forth himself doth come,
And take him in his armes, and bear him
 home,—

So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward, I myself advance,
Sometimes aright, and sometimes wrong I go,
Sometime my pace is speedy, sometimes slow;
But whatso'er betide, I know full well,
My father who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon his wand'ring childe doth cast,
And he will fetch me to my home at last.'

In his 'Britain's Remembrancer,' a long narrative of the Plague in London, in 1627, many most powerful passages will be found; and we think that to these Defoe has been indebted, more than perhaps he would own, for several incidents which he has related with such rude force, in his history of that latest visitation. Wither seems to have viewed it as his duty to continue in London during the whole time, and thus we read his thanks for so wonderful a preservation:—

'O, what am I, and what my parentage?
That Thou, of all the children of this age,
Didst chuse out me, so highly to prefer,
As of thy acts to be thy register!
That I should live to see thine angel here,
Even in his greatest dreadfulness appear,—
That when a thousand fell before my face,
And, at my right hand in as little space
Ten thousand more, I should be still protected,
That when of arrows thou didst shoot a flight,
So thick by day, and such a storm by night,
Of poisoned shafts, I then should walk among
The sharpest of them, and yet pass along
Unharm'd! and that I should behold the path
Which Thou dost pace in thy hot burning
 wrath,
Yet not consume to ashes.'

It has been rather unfortunate for Wither's fame as a sacred poet, that his most widely circulated work, *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, is so very prosing. And curious is it to observe the same fault in Herrick's *Noble Numbers*; to find two poets, more distinguished than any others for the exquisite ease and gracefulness of their verse, inditing 'common measure,' with all the rugged homeliness,—scarcely with the occasional force,—of Sternhold and Hopkins. From this censure, however, Wither's second collection of hymns,—now a very scarce book, entitled *Halleluiahs, or Britain's Second Remembrancer*, is remarkably free; for in it we have spirited, oftentimes beautiful songs of praise, for every possible occasion. Hymns for morning, and night, and noon-day; for festival, for meeting, for parting, for journeying by sea or by land, for every relation and calling,—the lullaby for the 'sweet babe,' the dirge for the lost friend: not one, but a hundred 'Psalms of Life,' and among them fine national thanksgivings, fit for a whole people aroused to a sense of their rights and their duties to sing. Here is part of one:—

'Halleluiahs! now I sing,
For my heart invites my tongue
To extol my God, my King,
In that blessed angel-song;
And as I enabled am,
Will I sacrifice to God
Thanks in this whole Island's name,
In a joyful, praiseful ode;
You that loyal Britons be,
Halleluiahs sing with me!

'On her coasts her Maker smiles,
And vouchsafeth her the rule
Over every flood and isle,
From the midland streights to Thule:—
Plentie doth her vallies fill,
Health is in her climate founde,
Pleasure playes on ev'ry hill,
And these blessings peace hath crown'd;
Halleluiahs! therefore sing,
Till the shores with echoes ring!

The various incidents of our history are next recorded, an exulting glance cast toward the future,—the book was published in 1642,—and it concludes—

'Halleluiah therefore sound,
Till it reach the starry round.'

Some other pieces in this little volume much resemble Herbert's; and so do many of Wither's later poems. The one, on the unexpected recovery of his wife from dangerous sickness, when she was far away, and he in prison, neither permitted to write, or to send, is very touching. The last verse has furnished a hint to our 'poet of the Sanctuary'—perhaps unconsciously—for one of his hymns, and for thought and language too. Indeed, in looking over Wither's 'Halleluiah' we shall find it to be an unacknowledged storehouse, to which many a later sacred poet has repaired.

'Lord! I have nought to give,
For all thou hast bestown,
But what I did receive,
Both was, and is thine own.
This sacrifice do not despise,
For I am poor,—
Herewith I shall, give self and all,
Who can give more?'

And the last poetic utterance of the aged man, a prisoner near to death,—that touching prayer for himself and his family, is very sweet in its childlike simplicity.

'And when thou me shalt gather,
Out of this land of life,
Be thou my children's father,
Be husband to my wife.

'And whilst we live together,
Let us upon thee call,
Help to prepare each other
For what may yet befall.

'So just, so faithful hearted,
So constant let us be,
That when we here are parted,
We all may meet in thee.'

An interesting life was that of George Wither, abounding in incident,—indeed in startling contrasts,—interesting both as to the man, and to the part he played in the mighty strife of the times. Would that we had space here to trace the young scholar under Bentworth's beeches, looking round with a poet's eye; then in the noisome Marshalsea calling up bright visions of wood, and lakelet, and hedge-row—even the yellow broom unforgotten—then the struggling man of letters, then the wanderer in the plague-stricken city, looking up to heaven alone for protection, and then for the cause of the parliament, flinging aside the

pen and grasping the sword, but with even a more solemn consecration, and a loftier purpose. And then the few short years of happy domestic life, and at last the sad close, poverty deepening into destitution, political proscription ending in harsh captivity, the aged man sick, in prison, alone, but even in squalid Newgate, as fifty years ago in the Marshalsea, upborne by the lofty consciousness of duty, and calmly awaiting his end. Brave, high-minded George Wither,—worthy the brotherhood of that band of heroes, great in the day of their loved Commonwealth's triumph, but greater in that day when looking on their blighted land they saw all that they had written for, and fought for, and prayed for, swept away; and could even then from the stifling dungeon, even beneath the foul, reeking gibbet, lift their eyes to heaven, and give thanks that they had been found worthy to bear part in that 'good cause,' for which the latest Englishman should bless their memory.

Brother in principles, and in the vicissitudes of a life of struggle, though occupying a rather earlier period, was Joshua Sylvester, a writer whose very name had been forgotten until Mr. Dunster, some fifty years ago, pointed out his version of *du Bartas*, as the source from whence young Milton himself might have drank early inspiration. Little is known of Sylvester's career, save that after a long residence in London, well known as a most popular writer, he died in 1618 at Middleburgh. The verses prefixed to the collected edition of his works in 1641, record his great piety, and his 'blessed death;' while the reproach cast on his 'stepdame country,' who, though she gave him a cradle, denied him a grave, as well as the known opinions of his eulogist, Vicars, seem to prove that his exile was 'for conscience sake.' A sonnet or two, and part of his exquisite ode to *Astrea* have been published in one of the poetical collections, but the greater part of Sylvester's secular poems—although there are sonnets in their Italian gracefulness fully rivaling Sydney's, indeed we may almost say Shakespeare's—are even now unknown. It is not, therefore, so surprising that his religious poems should wholly have escaped notice, scattered as they are throughout the huge folio of his works, or printed at the end; but they are equally worthy of transcription for the sustained majesty of their verse. We will first give extracts from his 'Seven Letanies on the Lord's Prayer.' Unfortunately their length,—each extending to twenty or thirty stanzas,—precludes the insertion of any one entirely, but a few verses from each of the four first will indicate to the reader the high merit of these poems

of 'silver-tongued Sylvester,' as his contemporaries characteristically called him. Here is the beginning—

'O! God the Father, who on high
In heaven hast thy dwelling-place,
Yet dost thy sovran majestie
So far beneath itself debase :—
Out of thy great abundant grace,
Us worms on earth, here earthly bred
Thence to behold, man's mortal race—
'Thy name be ever hallowéd!'

'O! Son of God, of like degree,
God with the Father, who didst make
Thyself of no repute to be—
But didst man's nature undertake,
Made flesh and blood for mankind's sake,
With servant's rags apparelléd,
Who, heaven and earth dost cause to shake,
'Thy name be ever hallowéd!'

'O! God, the Holy Ghost! who when
Our Savior us departed from,
Returning back to heaven agen,
Didst straight descend to take his room,
And daily still on us doth come,
To visit us in his blest stead,—
Till he shall come all flesh to doom,
'Thy name be ever hallowéd!'

These are a few verses from the second :—

'O! God the Father, God the Son!
O! God the Holy Spirit,—three
In person, yet as monarch one,
The same in power and degree,
Unto whose doom,
Both men and angels subject be,
'Thy kingdom come!'

'Let all the heavenly hosts above,
Of saints and angels glorified,
Who stand assuréd of thy love,
In such possession ne'er to slide
Or fall therefrom,—
Sing thus to Thee, who dost them guide,
'Thy kingdom come!'

'Thou blessed, only potentate!
Thou King eternal, King of kings!
Whose principality and state,
Bliss everlasting to us brings,—
And forth us from
Doth drive away all hurtful things,
'Thy kingdom come!'

'To those that in thy favour stand,
Thy sceptre is a golden one;
Like Persia's king's, when he his hand
To Esther stretched, (that fairly shone
In Vashti's room.)—
So give us leave to approach thy throne,—
'Thy kingdom come!'

And 'thy will be done' too, for—

'The fixed stars that to their spheres
Above the stars fast linked be :

There is not one, but true him bears,
As fast, as faithful unto Thee—
O! could we do thy will, but even
As do the stars above in heaven!

'The planets, ev'ry wand'ring star,
Though in their various courses, they,
And in their motions differ far,
Yet all concur, Thee to obey :—
O! could we do thy will but even
As do the planets thus in heaven!

'The meteors of the air below—
Fire, hail, ice, lightning, frost and cold—
The fierce and stormy winds that blow,
Yield Thee their service manifold.
O! could we do thy will but even
As these do in the nether heaven!

'O! could we be contented too,
(Since thus we cannot do thy will,)
To suffer what thyself doth do,
And patiently to bear it still,—
To yield to thy correction,
And say at least, 'Thy will be done.'

'From suffering yet, for foul offence
Keep us, that we deserve it not;
But for a guiltlesse conscience
To suffer,—if so be our lot,—
Welcome such persecution!
Whene'er it come, 'Thy will be done.'

'In all our cares, in all our crosses,
Whatever ill shall us befall;
In time of our most grievous losses,
Of wealth, of health, of life, of all;—
This, may our minds be fixed upon,
To think and say, 'Thy will be done.'

With the following extract from the fourth 'Letany' we must conclude :—

'No sooner Thou the world hadst made
Man, beast, fowl, fish, and creeping thing,
But they from Thee preparéd had,
Each one his several victualling
After his kind,—fruit, herb, and seed :—
Grant still our fields with corn may spring!—
'Give us this day our daily bread.'

'Thou fed'st thy flock in desert wild,
When out of Egypt they were driven,
With fruit of garden not, nor field,
But manna, angels' food from heaven—
O! let our wants be furnished!
Continue still what Thou hast given,
'Give us this day our daily bread.'

'Thy bounty such, if bread we beg,
Thou wilt not give us, Lord, a stone,
If we, thy children, ask an egg,
Thou wilt not give a scorpion;
Nay, Thou art better purposed
O! give us what to feed upon.—
'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Among others there is a fine but simple

poem, entitled 'A holy preparation for a joyful resurrection,' written probably during one of the frequent alarms of the plague. The latter verses bear a strong resemblance to that beautiful, almost untranslatable hymn, the '*Dies Ira*.'

'Jesu, Lord! my suit attend!
Oppose thee to th' accusing fiend,
Remembering once thou cam'st for me—
Weary, seeking wilful losse,
Mock'd, torn, tortured on the crosse—
In vain those sufferings cannot be!

'O! just judge of each condition,
Gracious, grant me free remission!
Let not my works receive their meed.—
Sighing, I lament my sinnie,
Tears without, and feares within,
Break not deare God, a bruised reed!'

Sylvester's last composition seems to have been his 'Panthea,' five beautiful meditations on the Christian graces, written in the octo-syllabic measure. We regret that we cannot indulge in extracts, but we must find room for his opening 'Invocation.'

'Supreme commander of the crystal sky!
That all of nothing powerfully did frame—
Be 't not offence against thy deitie,
With humble accents to adore thy name;—
Though in this tear-compos'd terrene globe,
I wear mortality's sin-stained robe.

'Let me behold with contemplation's eye,
The beauty of thine angel-guarded throne,—
And let my soul with humble boldness fly
Above the starry constellation!
And there, with that most holy hierarchie,
Sing hymns and anthems to thy deitie.'

Surely this haunted Milton's memory, like some sweet and noble half-forgotten strain of melody, when he wrote those verses
'At a solemn music.'

Many causes have prevented these two fine poets from taking the place they by right should occupy. A generation which proscribed the very name of Puritan, of course proscribed the Puritan Poet; and an after generation which swore by Boileau, and measured poetry on their fingers, of necessity could have no sympathy with men whose verse seemed poured forth in unpremeditated sweetness, and who felt that it is for the poet to school the critic, not the mere critic the poet. Both these disadvantages have now passed away; still, unfortunately, a third remains in the voluminous character of their works. Sylvester's poems fill a closely printed folio, bearing the title of 'du Bartas,' too, instead of his own, while the compositions of Wither in prose and verse

amount to above a score volumes, varying from the slight pamphlet to the thick octavo. Now in this respect, George Herbert has a great advantage; of all the writers of his age, he was the least prolific. Two hundred thinly printed pages comprise all his poetry, and scarcely so much his prose, and thus the little hand-book became easily obtainable by all. Now it would be a profitless task to reprint all, or even the greater part, of Sylvester's and Wither's poetry, but a *careful* selection, including extracts from their larger works, would place before the reader some three or four volumes of sweetest and noblest verse. We have pointed out too the superior merit of Quarles. How beautiful a volume would a judicious selection from his fine *Emblems* make, illustrated by some rising artist, who, with the correct drawing of modern times, should combine the fine feeling, the deep devotional spirit of the earlier day. As it is, the frightful 'cuts,' which profess to adorn the work, even to its latest edition, are a sufficient excuse for Quarles' *Emblems* not being presentable on any respectable bookshelf.

Did our space allow, we might add much more,—for volumes might be written on our early poets, and yet much remain unsaid. It is however, to the religious poems of Herbert's contemporaries alone, that we have now confined our attention, since as Herbert only takes rank as a sacred poet, it is with similar compositions that his own must be compared. And if in making that comparison it may be thought we have scarcely done justice to his merits, be it remembered that those were no common poets with whom he has been measured. Very beautiful are many portions of the *Temple*, and very beautiful the fine Christian feeling diffused over all. Nor do we wonder, that during the long dearth of all that was suggestive and ennobling,—when our old poets were forgotten, and our later had not begun their song,—George Herbert, with all his quaintnesses, was loved, and read, and got by heart; and on the shelf that had no place for *Paradise Lost*, his little volume might often be found. Everything is great or small by contrast. Side by side with the glorious writers of our earlier days, George Herbert takes a lower place; but compared with those of a later period, his station is deservedly high. The fair spreading tree, the landmark of the plain, looks dwarfed beside the giants of the forest; the star, whose soft gleam attracts the eye, while sparkling alone in the blue heaven, shines with paler lustre, as the hosts of night come forth in their burning splendour.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

In liberalising and refining the tone of our popular theology, Mr. Isaac Taylor may be said to have done yeoman's service in his day. He has been indirectly the means of infusing a more philosophical spirit into the body of our religious literature—a *mens divinior* into the heavy *corpus* of our "good books," with its *caput mortuum* of dry-as-dust technicalities. By some of his foremost admirers, indeed, his achievements in this way have probably been overrated, and largely so. In every body of thinkers and believers, small or great, secular or religious, there will be an advanced guard, *festinantes lente*, whose chief speaker or virtual representative will be, to them, the man of men, the embodiment of the age's maturest, deepest, completest philosophy—sufficiently in advance of them, and just not too much so, to enlist their most admiring confidence, their quick and intelligent sympathy, and their reasonably grateful regard. Such a position Mr. Taylor occupies, or has occupied, in relation to the more thoughtful minds in and out of the Church of England, which, in the diction of the day, may be described as adherents to "evangelical orthodoxy"—their fugleman, their coryphæus, their representative man. For strict and strait-laced *doctrinaires* of the school in question, he goes too far—is too independent—too self-relying—too large and open-minded; but even they find him vastly more to their taste, than is such an innovator as Coleridge, or than Dr. Arnold, or even Archdeacon Hare. All but the utterly stagnant "evangs," therefore, prize his lucubrations, and stimulate inquiring youth to a diligent perusal of them. The reader of Sir James Stephen's Essays will remember the sort of testimonial paid to Mr. Taylor's genius, by the learned historian of the Olapham Sect.

An aptitude for sustained and lofty meditation is, perhaps, the distinguishing mark of this veteran author. His meditateness is, however, solidified, so to speak, by the practical character of his mind, which is impatient of the dreamy, the hazy, or the unfruitful. He has copious learning, too, but fails to wield it with much effect; it is seldom welded cleanly and smoothly into the body of his argument. In logic he approves himself an *habitué*—in rhetoric, an aspirant to first-class honours. His style is strongly individual—elevated, grave, sonorous, and sometimes smartly pungent.

In his first and best known work, the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," Mr. Taylor set himself to describe, under its

various forms, that "fictitious piety" which is prevalent during the greater and lesser crises of popular religious feeling. Enthusiasm in devotion, in doctrine, and in practical life, is analysed and illustrated with marked ability. With eloquence and irony, alternately or combined, he comments on the morbid phases of his subject, as seen under such diversified aspects:—thus we have the religious idealist, who creates for himself a paradise of abstract contemplation, or of poetic imagery, where he may take refuge from the annoyances and the importunate claims of common life—and who, becoming a visionary, lives on better terms with angels and with seraphs, than with his children, servants, and neighbours;—the devotee, who in prayer is yet not a petitioner, because his prayers terminate in themselves, and who desires nothing more if only he reaches the expected pitch of transient emotion—which it is in the power of any physical depression or accidental hindrance, affecting the animal spirits, to defeat *in toto*;—the moping sentimentalist, whose mind self-occupied from morn till midnight with its own multifarious ailments, and busied in studying its pathologies, utterly forgets, or remissly discharges, the duties of social life—and whose temper, oppressed by vague solitudes, falls into a state which makes it a nuisance in the house;—the perverter of the doctrine of a divine influence, under whose sanction extravagance becomes gluttonous of marvels, and religion is transmuted into pantomime, and perhaps some hereditary or studied agitation of the voice and muscles, most ludicrous, if it were not most horrible to be seen, is consecrated as a holy of holies;—the impulsive heretic, who must needs disbelieve, because theology would otherwise afford him no intellectual exercise, and who seems to scout modesty, caution, hesitation, as treasons against conscience and heaven;—the inquisitive millenarian, who tries to attach the special marks of prophecy to every passing event, and is in the habit daily of collating the newspapers and the prophets, and is constantly catching at political intelligence, apocalypse in hand;—the abuser of faith in a particular providence, who slides into the mischievous error of paying court to Fortune rather than to Virtue, and in this world-a-day world, chooses to lie supine in the ruinous wheel-way of chance; the philan-

* "And what shall be said of the audacity of him, who, with no other commission in his hand than such as any man may please to frame for himself, usurps the awful style of the seer, pronounces the doom of nations, hurls thunder at thrones, and, worse than this—puts the credit of Christianity at pawn in the hand of infidelity, to be lost beyond recovery, if not redeemed on a day specified by the fanatic for the verification of his word!"
—*Nat. Hist. of Enthusiasm*, § v.

throphic enthusiast, whose beneficence, if disappointed in its hope of a semi-miraculous coadjutorship, gives place to querulous petulance and embittered discontent;—these are among the types discussed by the Natural Historian. The motives and ingredients of ancient monarchism, and the character of the monkish system in modern times, are also treated at some length, in their relation to Enthusiasm.

The magic rod of fanaticism, says Coleridge, is preserved in the very *adyta* of human nature; and needs only the exciting warmth of a master-hand to bud forth afresh and produce the old fruits.* To analyse the elements and to track the natural history of this powerful agent, was a task worthy of profound philosophy and large erudition. Mr. Taylor undertook the task, in prosecution of his proposed series of illustrations of the perversions by which Christianity has suffered. We pass by the intermediate volume, devoted to "Spiritual Despotism," as of less intrinsic value, and also, extrinsically, of a narrower interest, and turn at once therefore from "Enthusiasm" to "Fanaticism." His definition of the latter is noteworthy: Fanaticism, he says, is Enthusiasm, inflamed by hatred. Hence he enters into a careful psychological investigation of the genesis of the malign and irascible emotions. He argues that man is so constituted as to detest only what he thinks to be evil, which he assigns as the cause of man's habit, by a seeming necessity of his nature, of calumniating and blackening whomsoever he would call his enemy: not the most furious of men being able to indulge his passion until after he has attributed an ill intention to the object of his wrath. So that, when hatred has become the settled temper of the mind, there attends it a bad ingenuity, which puts the worst possible construction upon the words, actions, looks, of the abhorred object. For the most virulent heart, he contends, has no power of ejecting its venom upon a fair surface; it must slur, whenever it means to poison. The co-relations and inter-agencies of enthusiasm and the malign emotions—those two factors, of which the product is fanaticism—are elaborately scrutinised. Under the titles respectively of fanaticism of the Scourge, the Brand, the Banner, and the Symbol, are passed in review the characteristics of fanaticism's chief historical developments. There is a forcible section devoted to the catastrophes preceding and attending on *Judaea capta*—when the bosom of almost every Jew, besides the common malevolence of murky pride which then characterised the race, harboured a still more definite and

vivid animosity against some rival party*—and when the dreadful oratory of Eleazar taught desperate men to make a carnage of their women and babes, each husband, each father, in the midst of fond kisses, striking the death-stroke, and then speeding in hot haste the signal for his own. The writer's estimate of Mahomet, again, has excited attention and controversy. He repudiates the idea of the Merchant of Mecca being either a sheer fanatic or a vulgar imposter; rather he sees in him one of those minds, perhaps energetic and rich in sentiment, which, despairing to reach, or not even wishing to reach, that unity of soul dear to virtue and wisdom, act, and think, and speak in alternate characters—now the better, and now the worse interior personage assumes the hour, and struts upon the stage. This delineation deserves study—as, indeed, most of Mr. Taylor's disquisitions require it.

To speculative minds in particular, and we may probably say to miscellaneous readers in general, the most attractive of all his writings is the "Physical Theory of Another Life"—a theory calmly and delicately elaborated—not indeed without its startling conjectures, and almost whimsical suggestions—yet ingenious and philosophical, and throughout interesting to every reader but the incurably frivolous or the stolidly unimaginative. Never has Mr. Taylor penned arguments richer in original thought, and glowing piety, and noble chastened eloquence. And here, in this region of pure hypothesis, it is especially observable, how firmly and consistently he clings to the practical—always keeping in view the moral demands and destinies of our nature—and surrounding some of his speculations with a wonderfully impressive array of intensely momentous conditions—appending to his propositions, corollaries instinct with awful meaning. The world is too much with us—most of us confess that. The world to come, too little, or hardly at all. Now in this "Physical Theory," be its plausibility and verisimilitude worth much or worth nothing, we have an antidote to the wide-spread disease of oblivion and cold neglect; and it is a book which all, with capacity for thought, may read with positive interest—not a goody-book, not a flimsy tract, not a platitudinous sermon, not the sort of work in demand at Nisbett's and Shaw's, not the safe, sound, and stupid common-place book which is sure of a good word from the *Record* newspapers and *Evangelical Magazines* of the day: all which negatives surely suffice to make up a

* "Each mind, while revolving around the one gloomy centre of national feeling, revolved also about the centre of its sect. Unhappy people, thus to exist and move in an element of hatred, at once diffused and condensed." *Nat. Hist. of Fanaticism*, ch. vii.

* *Biographia Literaria*, chap. x.

positive of real promise, to which the unread will do well to take heed—for this theory, from its theme and its mode of treatment, may, without irreverence we trust, be pronounced a *λυχνος φανὼς* 'as *αυχμηρὸς τόπος*, a light shining in a dark place.

We have not the time, nor is this the place to inquire into the worth of Mr. Taylor's "Ancient Christianity"—an overgrown pamphlet in two thick volumes, consisting of a series of assaults on the famous (and now almost traditionary) *Tracts for the Times*. The learning of the author is rather cumbrously applied; and we fancy the general impression produced was, that his arms missed fire in this proposed volley, that was to deal such signal destruction on the Anglo-Catholics. Nor can we do more than mention "Home Education"—an important subject, ably and suggestively treated, though not quite in the vein (*αἷ γένετο!* Mr. Taylor would say) or with the charm of Jean Paul's *Levana*;—and again, "Saturday Evening," a collection of lay sermons, some of them singularly meritorious, and none without the unction of one "apt to teach," though layman be his style, and Saturday evening, instead of Sunday morning, his preaching time. He makes it a Day of Preparation as the Sabbath draws on.

Under the impression that the present religious existence of the European Commonwealth,* various as it is in its features, might be described under the designation of some twelve or twenty illustrious leaders of past times; Mr. Taylor, in 1849, began to develop this idea of bringing the several existing religious systems under separate review—each considered as the product of the mind which, principally, gave it its form and character. The first of the series, accordingly, was "Loyola," as giving scope for a portrayal of "Jesuitism in its Rudiments." It shows how Loyola is the man who taught the world what might be meant by the phrase "Spiritual Polity"—who knew how to smelt soul-ore into one mass, a mass uniformly crystallised, and shining on its surface, and mathematical in its figure, and thoroughly malleable and ductile, and a good conductor of sounds—who brought to perfection the process, often attempted, of forging hundreds of individual wills into so true a continuity of substance that the volitions of a single mind should pass, like galvanic currents, through the whole, and become intelligible and effective at the remotest distance. It was his function to give a polity to the world—but not a creed: *that*, the biographer

affirms, Loyola never could have given it; for he was the mechanician, not the enthusiast—the master and leader of spirits, who calmly marshals and drills the minds he has enrolled, not the fanatic, who is seen driving the herd of men before him with a fiery scourge. Mr. Taylor passes in review, carefully and with considerable minuteness, the singular career of the soldier-saint:—his early exploits in the field, and

—hair-breadth 'scape in the imminent deadly breach

at Pampeluna—his sickness almost unto death, but which in its results he found to be unto life—his dedication to the service of the Queen of Heaven—his pilgrimage, in uncouth and squalid attire, through regions which he had before traversed as the handsome and sumptuously garbed Spanish gentleman—his attempt, and failure, to subvert the Crescent and replace it by the Cross—his preparation for future labor by systematic studies at Barcelona and Paris—the companionships he formed, with Faber, Xavier, &c., and their joint foundation of the Society of Jesus—their itinerant labors in Italy, and critical mission to Rome—Loyola's appointment as general of the company—his labors more abundant in that capacity (now "seen busy and reeking in the scullion's place," and now solving the subtlest problems in casuistry for those who thronged him as a physician of souls)—his vigilance in detecting and rebutting the assaults of heresiarchs, and in nipping the bud of ambition or avarice in those of his Order*—and his final exhaustion under pressure of toil, and serene rest in death from its familiar fatigues. Stout Protestant as Mr. Taylor is, he allows that St. Ignatius Loyola was devout—fervently devout; and that our anti-Romanist notions would lead us into a very perilous kind of uncharitableness, if they forbade our thinking of the arch-Jesuit as "an eminently good and Christian man." His intellect, too, says Mr. Taylor, was of giant strength, though a silken thread was always enough to bind it in allegiance to the faith and usages of the Church. And thus, while Loyola could never have been the reformer of established systems, since he "worshipped every shred of the ecclesiastical tatters of past ages," he was, nevertheless, the "inventor of a scheme essentially his own, and with marvellous sagacity, and a tact fertile in resources, he contrived to lodge the prodigions novelty—the Society of Jesus—within the very adytum of the old system,

* "If indeed," cautiously and characteristically says Mr. Taylor, "the continental nations may be said to retain any of the elements of a religious existence," Portentous "If!"

* "At one time we find him on his knees before the Pope, fervently supplicating his interposition to screen some Jesuit head from an impending mitre."—*Loyola*, ch. viii.

and to do so without noise, without any displacement of parts, or the breaking off even of a moulding! By his hands a house was built within a house; yet none had heard the din of the builder's tools while it was in progress." His mastery of other men is ascribed to his being "more master of himself than they were of themselves," even when they were his superiors in mind and accomplishments. With strong animal impulses, and unusual susceptibility to religious emotions, so that his existence resembled a sort of chronic ecstasy, it was still an intellectual impulse that ruled his conduct in the most absolute manner, from that moment which constitutes the real starting-point of his course. And the idea of his Institute was to stretch over the human family a perfect domination, independent of physical force, and therefore able to set it at defiance—to absorb, in effect, all other authorities, and eventually to rule the world from the centre of a single bosom. Hence its agents must be prepared for their work by first scooping out of their bosom every atom of individual conscience, and enjoining on them a "blind obedience;" for, necessarily, its own agents, as they must be to it the medium of its omniscience, must themselves have become thoroughly translucent. In working out this view of the purport of Jesuitism, Mr. Taylor examines in some detail the *Spiritual Exercises*, the *Letter on Obedience*, and the *Constitutions*; states his conjectures as to the prospects of the Society, which he thinks likely to favor democracy and pantheism in order to gain its ends in these latter days of ours; and winds up the volume with a chapter on Pascal and the Provincial Letters—commenting sharply on the failure of these matchless epistles to do Jesuitism any real or lasting damage: it is to be hoped that Mr. Taylor has not calculated too sanguinely on *his* onslaught being productive of a heavier blow and greater discouragement.

His second contribution to the proposed series was opportunely suited to the time of its publication (1851), when a schism in the camp of "Methodism" was attracting so much attention among Mr. Taylor's world of readers, and was being agitated daily in the market-place, weekly in the pulpit, platform, and press, monthly in the magazines, and quarterly in the reviews. This work was entitled, "Wesley, and Methodism." Wesley has been pronounced by Mr. Macaulay, a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who, whatever his errors may have been, devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as

the highest good of his species.* Mr. Taylor, in sketching the father of "the people called Methodists," is not so distinct and decisive as could be wished. He is rather severe on Southey's well-known biography, as marked by "fippancy" and "vapid arrogance," and attempting to unravel Methodism by explications "as futile in philosophy as they are false in theology," and in effect offering for solutions of the "phenomena" mere "frigid absurdities." Coleridge, too, is dismissed, on more favorable terms indeed, but still as one whose solutions did not satisfy himself, and are quite unsatisfactory to others; *he* undertaking "profoundly," to do what Southey undertook "frivolously"—to "give a reason for the bright greenness and the gay blossoms of May ignoring the sun."† Mr. Taylor, for his part, if not very frivolous, is not very profound, as it seems to us, in his examination of Wesley's character—nor does he surround it with any peculiar originality of view, or novelty of suggestion, or fresh results of study: indeed the portrait is almost indefinite in outline, the features are somewhat inexpressively rendered, and the coloring is tame and thin. He avows his reverential idea of Wesley's personal virtues, but treats them with that moderating tone of calm discrimination which gives value, of its kind, to all this author's writings. He is impressive in his testimony to the courage of the first Methodist preachers—a courage, he says, far surpassing that which carries the soldier through the hail-storm of the battle-field. "Ten thousand might more easily be found who would confront a battery, than two who, with the sensitiveness of education‡ about them, could mount a table by the roadside, give out a psalm, and gather a mob." Sagacity, in any high and enlarged sense, as involving prophetic forethought of the distant issues of present movements and tendencies, is denied by Wesley: if allowed him, it so far abates, necessarily and very considerably, in Mr. Taylor's estimate, from the reverence usually paid to him, as a thoroughly ingenuous and simple-minded Christian man. At the same time, stress is laid on his *autocratic sentiment*—that strong feeling which the "vulgar" will persist in "taking for vanity and arrogance," but which is here described as, at the worst,

* Macaulay's Critical Essays: Art. "Southey's Colloquies on Society."

† We can fancy S. T. C. writing some highly noticeable *marginalia* on this criticism—especially on the phrase "ignoring the sun," which would have roused him to unwonted animation and self-vindicating emphasis. It was not S. T. C.'s habit to leave out the sun in his solar system of divinity—notwithstanding his commerce with phylosophies which do.

‡ For the men who "commenced and achieved this arduous service" were "scholars and gentlemen."

that infatuation of a Founder's self-esteem, which works as an irresistible energy in the bosom of every man who is born to invent, to originate, to lead the way, to govern, to found. "In the view or in the feeling of the Inventor or Founder, the product of his mind, the ripened fruit of long and painful cogitation, the scheme, the system, the mechanism which has filled his thoughts, waking and sleeping, from year to year, has become, as a whole, and in each of its parts, even the smallest, identical with his own personal consciousness: to excise any part of this whole, is the same thing as to amputate a limb, or to pluck out an eye." We are also directed to observe how Wesley's fervor, if undiminished, perhaps, almost to the last, yet came under the control of a slowly-acquired discretion, and spent itself in modes approvable—if not to the maxims of worldly wisdom, yet to the principles which a merely secular intelligence recognises. In his review of Wesley's mental character, Mr. Taylor points out "wonder-loving credulity" as his most prominent infirmity—a weakness which ruled him from the beginning to the end of his course—insomuch that it is mortifying to contemplate an instance like this, of a powerful mind bending like a straw in the wind before every whiff of the supernatural. The sketches included in this volume of certain fellow-helpers in the cause of Methodism—among them, George Whitefield (the classic Leuconomos), Charles Wesley, Fletcher of

Madeley (a name invidiously intruded on our recent polemics), and the Countess of Huntingdon—are on the whole meagre and jejune. The inquiry into the substance of Methodism is patiently done, but inflicts a heavier tax on the reader's patience also, than is very commonly submitted to—especially when the conclusion of the dissertation is undistinguished by remunerative returns. For unusual outlay in such matters one is apt to stickle for unusual profits; the *call* suggests the *bonus*; and if at the end one has to put up with a common-place dividend, one grows shy of investments in the same concern, and goes off grumbling against the comparative *valoir* of the *jeu* and the *chandelle*.

Unless our conclusions from internal evidence be over-hastily drawn, the important contribution to the "defence" of Christianity, as impugned by modern skepticism, now in course of publication at Cambridge, under the title, "The Restoration of Unbelief," may be ascribed to Mr. Isaac Taylor. One may hope, and yet not be very confident, that this polemical onset will be more effectual than was its forerunner on "Ancient Christianity." Let us add, that this prolific writer has also enriched with his labors some of the higher-class religious periodicals, as the *North British Review* for instance. Among his critical essays therein we remember with lively interest two on John Foster and Thomas Chalmers.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND WAR.—It is remarkable to watch the development of any new art, and to notice into what unexpected channels it takes its course. Photography presents us with two very striking examples. At first it appeared as a philosophic toy, progressing from day to day, till at length it has become an instrument in the hands of the many, lending its aid to the every-day purposes of art and civilization. Hitherto its uses have been those of peace, now it appears likely to aid the operations of the warrior. It is understood that the Government are about to attach photographers to the expeditions proceeding to the seat of war, both naval and military. Its importance in these respects is obvious; and when once the authorities have tested its practical value, the results will assuredly exceed all that they expect. It is needless to point out the various practical purposes for which, in a military point of view, it may be made available. A despatch, illustrated with photographic views, cannot fail to convey far more accurate notions to the mind than a mere written document, however voluminous and graphic its description may be. Headlands, lines of coasts, forts, fortresses, dispositions of fleets, armies, face of country, and military positions, may

be instantaneously taken, and, if stereoscopically, with a model-like accuracy, which would defy a verbal description to emulate. The rapid, instantaneous collodion process is the one peculiarly adapted for this service, and gun-cotton, though its explosive qualities have not been found so valuable as originally considered, will now, dissolved in ether, in the form of collodion, still hold an important position in aiding military and naval warfare. It is hoped that the Photographic Society, with whom the Ordnance-office are in communication, will find out parties competent to undertake the duty for the Government.—*Journal of the Society of Arts*.

WORSHIP OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.—Mr. Wood says, that when travelling in the deserts, he found himself so struck with the beauty of the starry firmament, that he could hardly suppress a notion that these bright objects were animated beings of some high order, and were shedding important influence on this earth. From this effect upon himself, he was sure that in all times the minds of men in those countries must have had a tendency to that species of superstition.

From the Examiner 1 April.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

"Now be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a 'spousal,
That never may ill office, or fill jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bless'd marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! . . . And this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France."
Shakespeare.

FRANCE and England have at last declared war against Russia. They are allies and confederates in a just and unselfish cause. The French Emperor prays for victory to the English flag; the English Queen prays for the glory of France, and will grieve over every drop of French blood spent to purchase it.

While such are now the feelings of the rulers of France and England, what are those of the French and English people towards each other? They also are beating in unison. To the same chord are now vibrating the hearts in the valleys of the Seine and the Thames, the Rhone, the Mersey, the Loire, the Severn. Their bosoms are one. The two peoples—the French and English people—the rivals of centuries, are no longer enemies: and before this auspicious fact, pledges of rulers, treaties between governments, proceedings in the Houses, negotiations with Austria and Prussia, however important are as trifles. The wives and daughters of England and France are now—in their daily prayers to Heaven for husbands, brothers, and lovers mustering in defence of justice and honour—alike petitioning in common for glory to the same banners, victory to the same cause. This is *indeed* a fact; unrol the history of five hundred years, and where is the fact to match it?

No reflecting French or Englishman can doubt that the great interests of civilisation and of humanity demand that the alliance which has thus suddenly sprung up between England and France should be made permanent. We see and feel that it should not be permitted to dissolve—that its maintenance is a paramount duty which the two countries owe to the world,—and that they are consequently bound to make the sacrifice of every separate interest in order to consolidate and preserve it. Very great indeed such separate interests must be to compensate England and France for the loss in the present emergency of the certain assistance of Sweden and Denmark, as it is clear that the incalculable benefit of their co-operation against Russia can only be secured by convincing those Powers that for the future England and France will be, politically, one.

Nothing less than that certainty can decide Sweden and Denmark to brave the future vengeance of the Czar; and with it, they will immediately, assisted by our fleets, shut the door of the Baltic upon Russia, and save at once both England and France torrents of blood and tons of gold—the widow's scalding tear and the orphan's heavy loss. Such would be the immediate fruits of our alliance if the two nations resolve to make it perpetual. It is therefore a duty which they owe quite as much to their own interests as to those of mankind at large, now to form this permanent alliance, and to make such an agreement as to the general line of policy which each will respectively pursue for the time to come, as shall obviate all causes of future national dissension. What then may each have to resign—what sacrifices to make—for this grand and useful purpose?

Whatever they may be, they must be looked for either in the resignation of some territorial expectancies which each nation indulges of a nature to lessen the security of the other, or in some points in which their material, or social, or commercial interests shall be found to clash. Assuming for a moment that France covets Belgium and Savoy, and that England covets Egypt, Majorca, and Minorca, is it possible—were each to succeed in attaining these objects at the cost of wars more fearful than any we have yet experienced—to put the precarious benefits they would derive from realising such hopes, in balance with the certain permanent good they would mutually derive from now renouncing them? No doubt can exist as to the answer to this question. It is only to strengthen her against Austria and Prussia that France can really want either Belgium or Savoy, and they, as they now are, must side with France if she possesses the alliance of England. Then, as to the Spanish isles, they can be of no use to England if she possesses the alliance of France; nor could England derive more substantial advantage from the territorial possession of Egypt than she already obtains while it continues as it is. France and England, then, in abandoning these and other similar territorial hopes, will either be giving up what is merely a new form of objects they already enjoy and must continue to enjoy substantively, or objects whose usefulness entirely ceases the very moment they become allies and are no longer on guard against each other.

In examining the points in which we might look for opposition between the material commercial or social interests of England and France, we have been unable to discover any object which either nation can honestly

desire in these respects, that will not equally benefit both when attained.

The French wish to colonise Northern Africa. It is an honest and a noble wish. Let England pray that they may succeed—for Northern Africa was once the greatest grain-producing country in the world, the granary of the Roman Empire, and the French cannot succeed without making it the granary of England. Do the French wish that the value of every acre in Gascony should be doubled? Is it not the interest of England to enjoy good wine and vinegar at a penny a pint, instead of using indifferent beer and diluted acetous acid at double the price? Is not Bordeaux as near to Plymouth and Southampton as to Havre?

In searching for real and substantive obstacles, founded in the relative conditions according to which the two countries respectively exist, to the institution of a strict, an intimate, a brotherly, and, above all, a permanent alliance, for better for worse, between them, we really can find none. The obstacles are considerable, nevertheless, though not substantive. They are obstacles of the imagination, and no other. They reside in prejudices, in traditional jealousies, surviving the causes originating them which have altogether burnt out and become extinct. The great unreflecting mass in each country—more, perhaps, in France than in England—has immemorially believed that the English and the French are natural enemies, like dogs and cats; that they can never trust each other; and they will feel surprised and half-shocked by the serious announcement of the scheme of an intimate and permanent alliance. Owing to traditional habits and historical antecedents, they are morally incapacitated from believing in the possibility of such a thing being brought about—they are practically incredulous that such a result can ever be.

In this alone resides the obstacle to the attainment of this vast blessing to humanity and to themselves, and if the statesmen of the two countries will now raise their conceptions to the contemplation of this glorious object, they may easily turn to the profit of both, and to the everlasting benefit of mankind, the present fortunate conjuncture which approximates them, which the good and wise have ever hoped for, and for which the brutality of a perfidious tyrant has supplied the occasion. So far from being natural enemies, there are no two countries in the whole world—not even the United States and England—which are such natural friends as France and England; which in the difference of their respective moral and material wants, have such mutual necessity for each other; and which would agree together so

well, if they could but for a moment forget the past and look to the future alone. In respect of locomotion, their vicinity makes them really one nation. From London it is quite as easy, and speedy, to go to Paris as to Glasgow; from Paris you will reach London as quickly as Strasbourg; and then there is just that difference between the characters, the manners, the ways of the two nations, that, were a general good feeling to replace ancient aversions, would peculiarly endear them to one another. The variety that runs through their social habits and customs just reaches that happy point which enables each party good-humouredly to laugh at the other, without any wound to self-love. This is an important element in the ground-work of all friendly society. It does not exist between the English and Americans, because they resemble each other so much more strongly; but you may laugh at a Frenchman's blunders without his thereby suspecting that you mean to arrogate any superiority, and he will laugh as heartily as yourself. And he may do the same to you—and indeed does so all day long—and who ever felt hurt at it? Then how delightful it is to an Englishman to be talked to by an amiable Frenchman, though, maybe, it is all about nothing—their gaiety is as a ray of sunshine on the gloom of life. And what a beautiful picture of their sterling amiability did we not behold in the demeanour throughout of those excellent men who brought over their rarities to our national Exhibition!—what a delightful insight we got on that occasion into the domestic manners and virtues of their middle class, as we beheld the assistance and comfort and pleasure they were receiving from their wives, and sisters, and daughters—models, as are the French bourgeois throughout, of useful domestic activity, industry, amiability, and grace. And who were more pleased on that occasion than our old enemies, with the frank and honest good-nature, the hearty moral shake of the hand, of their English hosts? And where is it, we should like to learn, that the English in France—and they are settled about over its whole surface—are disliked or disrespected? How placable and amiable are the French after a quarrel! how generous and unmalignant the English! In short, there is just that difference in all their ways and habits that kindles sympathy and gives it piquancy, instead of extinguishing or deadening it.

And now the vast interests of civilization imperiously call upon these two great nations—the ornaments of the world, the aristocrats of humanity—to unite and be friends, to be one for ever, *idem velle atque*

nolle. We have the same interests to protect, and against the very same enemies. These interests, as far as they are honest on each side, must for the future always be the same, and our common enemy must always be the enemy of both of us alike. He will always aim at subjugating Turkey, Sweden, and Denmark, and, by making himself supreme thereby in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, equally repress French and English civilization and commerce. In the nature of things, what firmer foundation for everlasting alliance can be offered by Providence than is now graciously vouchsafed to France and England? We say, therefore, to both—Rejoice and give thanks; you are going to peace and not to war; forget, forgive, shake hands, and be friends for ever, for the common enemy threatens you both alike, and if you neglect this opportunity, it is not probable you will ever have such another. It is only the permanency of your alliance that can decide Sweden and Denmark. Proclaim it permanent; and, what is more important by far, convince the world, by abandoning mutual suspicions, and cultivating mutual sympathies, that your alliance, founded in international good-will, cemented by international respect and confidence, is permanent in its own nature, and wholly independent of changes either in the *personnel* or form of Government. Such a condition—an alliance of kind feeling between the two peoples—will be a pledge more solid than any proclamation; and must satisfy Sweden and Denmark that they may securely rely for all time to come upon your joint protection against their fearful neighbour ever ready to devour them. The instant you convince them of this, they will joyfully, with your help, close the outlet of the Baltic on Russia—imprison her always—and spare you now the terrible sacrifices of blood and treasure you must otherwise make, and make to no permanent profit, because ten or twenty years hence you will again incur the same danger, and may not then be able to ward it off.

The French and English statesmen, weakly (as it seems to us) bent on securing, at almost any cost, the co-operation of Austria and Prussia, have been too evidently prepared for that object to forego a great part of the benefit to Europe which they might now extort from the common enemy. Yet such co-operation would be positively detrimental if purchased at the price of our abstaining from compelling Russia to disgorge that territorial plunder of her weaker neighbours—the deadly cause of her now embroiling the world—which, we trust, it is the firm resolve of France and England that she shall disgorge.

France and England, in earnest, and with the sword uplifted, are powerful enough for every purpose; and the only allies they require are Sweden and Denmark. Even if Austria and Prussia should unite with Russia, the immediate consequence infallibly must be that the alliance between France and England would be thereby, and *ex necessitate*, made perpetual, and the proximate consequences would be the destruction of those perfidious despotisms—the overthrow of Russia—and the elevation of Sweden and Denmark to that station in the scale of European power which it is so very desirable for England and France they should possess.

From the Economist, 1 April.

THE WAR AND ITS JUSTIFICATION.

THE protracted negotiations on the Eastern Question, now prolonged for nearly twelve months—the hopes and fears, the hesitations and delays, the suggested arrangements and the attempted compromises—have, no doubt, often wearied the temper of the impatient and tried the zeal of the sanguine. But it is impossible to deny that much good has resulted from the postponement of the crisis which has now come upon us, and which we have never entertained any hope of averting. It has enabled us to go into the serious contest now before us with the consciousness of having exhausted every conceivable endeavour to avoid it that did not involve folly or dishonour. It has enabled our merchants to recall, in the regular course of commerce, the large amount of capital engaged in the Russian trade. It has enabled us to equip and send to sea before hostilities have actually commenced the most powerful fleets and the best appointed army that ever left our shores. And finally—more important perhaps than all the rest—it has enabled the nation fully to understand the true merits of the case, and to have a clear conception of the objects and the justification of the war; it has given time for the complete unmasking of the designs and character of our enemy; and it has served to disabuse us of many erroneous ideas and false impressions which the dupes and emissaries of Russia had spared no pains to spread among us, and which, if they had remained, would have interfered with the unanimity of national feeling, and considerably crippled that zeal and determination with which we are now entering upon our work, and which are the indispensable conditions and the surest guarantees of rapid and brilliant success.

One by one every advocate and apologist of Russia has been disarmed and obliged to

retire in shame and disgust from his client's side, as the various pleas put forward in his defence have been negated in turn by his own language or proceedings. One by one every opponent of our Government in its course of temperate and forbearing antagonism to Muscovite aggression, has been reduced to silence by finding that they could not blame the course we have pursued without at the same time undertaking the defence of a man whose conduct has been wholly indefensible. At first it was urged on behalf of the Czar that he merely demanded and desired the maintenance of that modified right of influence over Turkish affairs which (wisely or unwisely) had been conceded to him by former treaties, and of which the concessions extorted by the French Ambassador might be plausibly enough regarded as an unjust contravention. That plea we scouted and exposed more than ten months ago; and documents which have recently come to light have amply justified our penetration and confirmed our views. We declared then that these claims to the maintenance and rigid enforcement of ancient treaties were a mere pretext and screen; that the demands of Prince Menschikoff and the occupation of the Principalities were neither more nor less than deliberate steps towards the great, permanent, hereditary, leading object of Russian policy—the virtual subjugation or the open overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, and the acquisition of Constantinople to the dominions of the Czar; and that the concession of these demands would be equivalent to the entire surrender of the real independent Sovereignty of the Porte. Papers and dispatches now before the public prove that we were right in this prognosis. It is now proved and avowed that as long ago as 1844, the partition of the Turkish dominions had assumed in the Emperor's mind sufficiently definite shape and consistence to be suggested to the British Government—which, then as now, refused even to contemplate such a contingency;—that more than a year ago the Czar—confident that the Ottoman Empire must—resolute that it should—shortly fall to pieces, again not only sounded our Cabinet as to the course they would adopt when he had brought about that desired and predetermined catastrophe, but even offered them a large and important share of the spoils in order to bribe them into permitting him to seize a portion still larger and more important;—that he adduced to our Ambassador the introduction into Turkey of European civilization and administrative improvements borrowed from the West, the new strength, the fresh life, the unexpected and menacing revival, that is consequent on this formida-

ble progress (formidable to his designs)—as the special reason for immediate interference and partition;—in plain words, “Turkey is ceasing to be decrepit—therefore Turkey must be destroyed;”—and that he again (in a subsequent intercepted despatch) assigned the reforms introduced by the liberal Ministers of the Sultan, and the rapidly developing commerce of the Northern Provinces of Turkey, as reasons why it would be unsafe longer to delay the execution of his cherished designs—because, if he were not prompt, his victim might escape him by becoming too powerful to be quietly absorbed. The truth now stands proclaimed to all the world—written in sunbeams—made plain past all possibility of future excuse, explanation, gloss, or disavowal—that the real aim and end of Nicholas is the destruction of the Turkish Empire, and the assignment of Constantinople to himself. He will hold it, he says, “not as Proprietor but as Depositary!” No one else shall have it; but he will take possession of it—as a pawnbroker takes possession of a pledge which he knows can never be redeemed.

The plea drawn from the observance of old treaties thus scattered to the winds, that of protecting the Christians of Turkey against Mussulman barbarity and fanaticism had next to be unmasked. This delusion held its ground longer than the other, but repeated statements of the true facts of the case have at length dislodged it from nearly every mind. So far back as last August we endeavoured to do what Lord Shaftesbury has done more fully and effectually since. We now know that, while the Sultan is the most tolerant, the Czar is the most intolerant despot in all Europe; that Christian missionaries find every facility in Turkey, and every obstacle and prohibition in Russia; that every form of faith, except the most narrow and established orthodoxy, is met throughout the Muscovite dominions with systematic and unrelenting persecution; and that the Christian subjects of the Porte, on whose behalf the Emperor pretends to interfere, belong to that sect of the Eastern Church which in *his own dominions* he maltreats and crushes with the sternest severity. It has come out, moreover, that his intentions on behalf of the Turkish Christians have been almost uniformly directed, not to secure them fair or mild treatment from the Government, but to keep them ground down under the bigoted and insolent domination of the *lower orders* of the Greek clergy—not to obtain religious freedom for the laity, but to confirm and strengthen the religious tyranny of the priests. It has been proved that in more than one instance—and that recently—the Porte has been the protector of its

Christians subjects *against* the oppression of that particular portion of the Greek hierarchy which notoriously furnishes the tools and emissaries of Russian intrigue. And, finally, we are now aware, for the first time, that all the relaxations of despotism towards the Christian population, all their admission to civil rights and equal privileges, all their effective protection against Mussulman fanaticism, which late years have witnessed, are directly traceable not to Russia, but to British interference; and that the representations and remonstrances of our Ambassador on this subject have never been cordially seconded, and have often been secretly thwarted, by the agents and representatives of the Czar.

The high character, too, of the Emperor Nicholas, which used to be the stronghold of his advocates, has suffered grievous and irreparable dilapidation. We confess a year ago we were among those who held a high opinion, not only of his talents and force of character, but also of his loyalty and honour. We knew that he had, as was natural, the interests of Russia more at heart than the interests of humanity; we were aware that he was despotic and anti-liberal from conviction and on principle; and we never doubted his ambitious designs against Constantinople. But we believed him to be a man of honour, of enlightenment, and of generosity—true to his friends and loyal to his engagements. It is impossible any longer to hold these views. It is impossible for us or for any one to remain blind to the fact that in his dealings with us he has exhausted all the varieties of duplicity and falsehood;—that while he agreed with our Ambassador that the right policy to pursue was *not* to hasten the downfall of Turkey by pressing her with inconvenient or extreme demands, he was himself pressing such demands in the most peremptory manner and with the express design of hastening that downfall;—that, while he repeatedly assured us he was asking nothing from the Porte except the retraction of her concessions to France on the subject of the Holy Places, he had instructed Prince Menschikoff to insist on an actual assault upon the Sovereignty of the Sultan—*which assault was to be sedulously kept secret from us*;—and that he did not scruple to offer to England the possession of Egypt—a country which he had himself guaranteed by solemn treaty to its actual rulers. We know that while he kept our fleets inactive in the Bosphorus by engaging to undertake no actual offensive operations, he availed himself of our simplicity in believing “the word of a gentleman” to attack and barbarously destroy the fleet of our ally in an harbour on

her own coast. We know, too, that while assuring us that he had occupied the Principalities merely “as a material guarantee,” he at once violated that pledge by displacing the Civil Government, seizing the revenues, taking possession of the property of the people without payment, and compelling the reluctant peasantry to serve in his armies against their legitimate Sovereign. Bad faith could scarcely go further. It would be difficult for the most skilful casuist to make more direct and solemn promises, or to violate them more instantly and flagrantly.

But duplicity is not the only nor perhaps the greatest sin he has committed. At Sinope he set the example of re-introducing into modern warfare a brutality and ungenerous barbarism to which it had of late been a stranger. The Russians attacked the Turkish fleet with an overwhelming force; they continued to fire broadsides long after their adversaries were utterly disabled; they fired upon the crews of the sunk or exploded vessels while endeavouring to save themselves by swimming; they prolonged the battle till it became a mere unresisted butchery; and, in a word, they conducted themselves rather as untamed savages than as civilized and honourable foes. And, that we might not be deceived into ascribing this behaviour to passion rather than intention, to the subordinate actors rather than to the Supreme Chief, the Emperor ordered a “Te Deum” to be sung for the discreditable victory, and showered rewards and decorations on the agents of this bloody massacre; and thus took upon himself the whole odium and shame of the dark transaction. Nor has his behaviour in the Principalities been much better. Every post brings us tidings of some new atrocity. Now it is the forcible impressment into the Russian army of peaceful peasants. Now it is the burning of a village for some much-provoked resistance. Now it is the threatened massacre of several hamlets, to compel them to give up some wretched fugitives from Russian oppression. Everything seems to indicate not so much the horrors of war as the horrors which Russian barbarism contrives to introduce, not into war alone, but into simple military occupation likewise. We have a foretaste of what Europe may expect if Muscovite ambition be not now and for ever repelled within its own borders.

It must now be clear to all that war could not have been averted by anything short of submission to or connivance at the ulterior designs of Russia; that those designs were of a nature which would have rendered any compliance on our part at once foolish and wicked; and that, even if yielded to at present for the sake of peace, they must soon

have involved us in a war at least as inevitable and far more disadvantageous than that into which we are now about to enter. The warmest advocates of Peace must be now convinced *that the option did not and does lie with us*. We and our allies are the victims of a bully and a marauder, who left us no choice but between submitting to be kicked and robbed, or reluctantly turning to defend ourselves. All the zeal for peace, all the hatred of war, therefore, which distinguishes so many of our countrymen—and in which, as is well known, we fully sympathise—must now be turned against the Potentate who has made peace impossible; who, with all Europe crying out against him, with all the civilised world condemning his violence, has yet spurned all reasonable compromise and declined the olive branch we have more than once held out to him. We believe there can scarcely be ten men left now in Great Britain, who, after reading the Secret Correspondence, think that it was *possible* for us to have avoided war by any means which they would not blush to suggest or avow.

The first justification of this war, so far as we are concerned, is therefore its un-avoidability. The second is to be found in the motives for which it is undertaken, and the objects we hope to secure by means of it. Why are we fighting? and what are we fighting for? We are fighting, in the first place, to prevent the consummation of a flagrant violation of the law of nations—the sudden seizure during peace of the territory of a neighbouring Power by an ambitious rival, which, if permitted, would become a fatal precedent and the parent of innumerable wars. We are fighting to prevent the subjection and conquest of an unoffending ally, whose sole crime was that she was rapidly developing her internal resources, and endeavouring by most laudable measures to recover her place among recognized and permanent European Powers. We are fighting—though this is a very secondary matter—to secure to our own merchants and those of Turkey free access to those rich provinces which border on the Danube, and which Russia has endeavoured to forbid to us, and to keep open the navigation of that magnificent European river which she has systematically attempted to block up. We are fighting to procure for the Christian subjects of Turkey substantial justice and true emancipation—freedom to practice their worship,

whatever be its form, undisturbed alike by priestly tyranny, by civil oppression, by Mussulman fanaticism, by Greek, Roman, or Armenian persecution—leisure and facility for developing all the resources of their rich soil and their active character, unrepressed by Turkish injustice or Russian intrigue—liberty to hope in the future for some brighter fate than the dreadful substitution of absorption by the Czar for misgovernment by the Sultan. Lastly, we are fighting for the independence and civilisation of Europe against its most determined and most formidable foe—for European progress against a Potentate whose instinct, whose ambition, whose religion, all bind him to rooted hostility towards all that we hold most dear and sacred. We cannot disguise the truth that the despots of Central and Southern Europe are strong in his strength, and insolent in the consciousness of his support;—that it is at *his* feet, and not at those of Frederick, of Francis, of Ferdinand, or of Pio Nono, that Italian, German, and Hungarian liberties lie crushed and prostrate; that he stands foremost and towering above those states,

Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.

All that is valuable in intellectual advance; all that is noble and dignified in mental conquest; all that is cherished and essential in religious liberty; all true enlightenment, all civil rights, all worthy and secure enjoyment—are bound up with our triumph in the coming struggle. The extension, or even the consolidation, of Russian dominion over Europe is, we are solemnly convinced, synonymous with a surrender of nearly all that we have won by the efforts and the sacrifices of ages—with a relapse into a condition which our ancestors paid a mighty price in order to emerge from—with the retirement of the high and dear-bought civilisation of the West before the mediæval and benighted semi-barbarism of the East. We are fighting, therefore, in the noblest cause in which weapons can be wielded, or armour girded on, or treasure lavished, or willing blood poured out like water; and while ostensibly engaged only in defeating Russian troops and destroying Russian navies, we are, in sober unexaggerated truth, occupied in baffling, driving back, and crippling the enemy of all the highest interests and most sacred hopes of the human race.

SPIRITS HAUNT PRECIOUS MINES—"Modern authors," says Fuller, "avouch that malignant spirits haunt the places where the precious metals are found: as if the Devil did there sit abroad to hatch them, cunningly pretending an

unwillingness to part with them; whereas indeed he gains more by one mine minted out into money, than by a thousand concealed in the earth."—*Pisgah View*.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF ENGLISH INTERFERENCE WITH THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

MUCH more might be said, beyond what I have thought necessary, on the subject of the representation in the Slave States, the franchise of the free-coloured people in the Northern States, and the small amount of the actual participation of the latter in the political rights and privileges of their fellow-citizens. I, however, designedly abstain from the subject of slavery altogether. I greatly respect the motives of those persons, many of them of high position and great influence in this country, who think I am supported in that opinion by many persons in the United States, that the continual expression of the opinion of this country and of Europe generally on the question of slavery, aids what is called the Abolition Party, and therefore hastens the time when slavery will be no more. I have the strongest conviction, founded on what I know to be the opinions of many of the best, the ablest, the most far-seeing, and most benevolent persons in the United States,—founded also, on the fact of the history of the question, and on what is passing at the present time—that this is an error.

It is impossible that any amount of reasoning, any amount of vituperation, can add a feather's weight to the already almost overwhelming sense of difficulty and danger which presses upon the thoughts of every individual statesman or man of intellect and cultivation in the United States, be he slave-holder or not, when he gives his mind to a calm survey of what is impending over his country in relation to that momentous question. Less than thirty years hence there will probably be nearly 6,000,000 slaves to be dealt with instead of 3,200,000,* with all the added difficulties arising from increased intelligence and means of combination, which it will be impossible to shut out. The general vituperation launched at the system, passes by the heads of those who will tell you that they live among their slaves as a father among his children; that they trust unhesitatingly to them their property, their persons, and those of their wives, their grown-up daughters, and their infants; and it is laughed at by the hardened reprobates who profit by the worst features of the system, and its occasional dreadful incidents. Harrowing descriptions, lofty denunciations, elaborate arguments, are

not needed by the one, and are scoffed at by the other. But they are something more, and something worse than not needed.

Of the many agreeable sensations, and unexpected and most gratifying convictions with which I was impressed during my visit to the United States, in 1851, one of the most unexpected, and most gratifying, was that of finding how deep, how sincere, and how general was the natural feeling of kindness, of respect, and affection, of all persons of any amount of culture and information, towards the parent country. The hostile and irritating criticisms of the press, on both sides the water; the social and political theories, so opposed to any under which they live; the remembrance of all they had suffered from our impolicy, our arrogance, and our injustice, in the last century; and our unhappy collisions in the early part of this, have not been able to sever the ties of those natural affections which bind them to their birthplace and to the sources of all they deem most precious in their inheritance from the past. Towards everything which, in this country, we are accustomed to regard with respect, I found all such persons in that country disposed to look with an equal respect, and as ready to derive from them the improving influences which we believe them capable of diffusing through the great body of society. Approached therefore, in the spirit of mutual respect, of brotherly kindness, of friendly openness and frankness, there is no subject on which an American of any cultivation is not most ready to enter, with a disposition to look at and consider it from the point of view in which it is regarded in England. His sympathies are already with us; we have but to acknowledge and to respond to them. The violent and unscrupulous portion of the press in his country, the worst being conducted or inspired by renegades from ours, may, and doubtless does, produce a very different state of feeling and opinion in the numerical mass; but the expanded hearts and minds of the educated, the reflecting, the cultivated, in their various degrees, are untrammelled by any such unworthy influences, and meet us fully halfway in any demonstration of genuine respect and fraternal recognition. But in equal measure do their spirits revolt against assumption. And all the more keenly, in proportion to their desire to be understood aright, do they feel the unkind criticism, the over-coloured description, or the repelling sneer.

The effects of these latter upon the less cultivated, are to stimulate to undue assumption on their part, and to produce that exaggerated degree of self-assertion from

* The present rate of increase of the slave population, according to the census of 1850, is 23.05 per cent. in ten years. In the previous ten years, from 1840 to 1850, the rate of increase was only 23.3 per cent.

the fear of being undervalued, which is the subject of remark in Europe.

The number of persons kindly affected towards us in the United States is, I am persuaded, very considerable, and embraces a very large proportion of all that is most cultivated, and most estimable in that country. And upon them, I have not the shadow of a doubt—and my convictions are founded upon correspondence, upon personal intercourse, and upon what I have heard from the best sources—that the proceedings of the last two years, in England, relative to the slavery question, have produced the most unfortunate and most undesirable impressions, and have, as far as they have been operative at all, retarded, instead of advancing the time when it will be possible to reopen that question in the Slave States, with a view to its solution.

It is unfortunate that persons in this country, whom there is every disposition to respect, should throw away their natural influence with the better disposed classes in the United States, by what is looked upon by so many among them as an unwarrantable assumption. On wider grounds it is still more to be lamented, in its effect in keeping up and increasing that coldness and alienation, and that exaggerated self-assertion, above adverted to, as common among the less cultivated of their population. Both these effects are bad enough, in a social point of view, but may be still worse, in their national consequences, as predisposing to national irritations, and making them more difficult to be allayed. But, beyond and above these incidents to that course of proceedings, lies a reason against such interferences, especially from this country, which is very generally overlooked, but which is of much weight, in the estimation of those most nearly concerned; it is, that each of the individual States is, and never allows it to be forgotten that she is, a sovereign State, and as such, is ever jealously on the watch against any interference or dictation from without in any shape. No amount of agitation in the rest of the United States, or in any part of the world whatsoever, against anything that concerns her internal policy, can have any effect in compelling her, against her will, to alter that policy; and the greater the agitation directed against her, the more obstinately will she resist all movement, until she can exercise her own discretion in taking the initiation with calmness and in her own way. To adopt a less sturdy course, would, they think, be to renounce their Saxon descent and character; some will add, perhaps, even more than that; for, judging from those I met with, there is scarcely one of the sons of the old Southern

States, who hesitates to tell you that they have not got some of the best blood of England in them for nothing. They will remind you that the movement in New York and Pennsylvania, which ended in abolishing slavery in those States, in 1819, began within themselves, as had been the case before, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and Ohio. They will point to Virginia and Kentucky, where, years ago, measures for continuing or granting facilities for emancipation were all but carried; and to Maryland, where, as well as in Virginia and Kentucky, it is notorious that the value of the land would be trebled, were the slaves which taint their soil and repel the labour and capital of the North, gradually set free by acts of their Legislatures. They will remind you that those movements which were so nearly being successful in the two States, above named, were spontaneous, and emanated from themselves; and that they were checked in mad career, and further progress made for a time impossible, by the irritation of feeling produced by the attacks, the taunts, and the interference of the Abolitionists. But much as they resent the interference of their fellow-countrymen, still more they resent ours, when obtruded upon them in a spirit of superiority, and as if we had a right to take them to task.

There is a spirit, however, in which they will thank you if you will enter upon this great question with them. Sit down with them, and count the cost. Look at the appalling subject in all its vast and complicated bearings. Feel for them, as you cannot fail to do, at the hideous problem that lies before them. Feel with them at their stupendous difficulties. Aid them with the whole stretch of your mind, and the whole force of your ability, as you would a brother. Point out every "lane of open water," that may seem to lead through that worse than polar agglomeration. Consider with them what expedients may smooth the way for, what palliations may mitigate the crisis. Suggest the little that may have been good in the experience of your own country, and recall to mind the wiser counsels that were neglected, and the hopeful opportunities that were lost. Be humble in your anticipations of being a useful counsellor, in the recollection of your own errors. Believe that those on whom the heavy weight of the solution must press, day and night, must know something about it, and of the times and seasons when to take it in hand. Soften down the asperities you may before have had a hand in causing; help to bring them in oblivion; encourage the opening of a new page, and the commencement of action from a new starting point. Let it

henceforward be a question not of general reasoning and declamation, but of practical detail. Bend all the energies of your mind upon that, and implore an Allwise Provi-

dence to look with compassion upon the past, and to bless the efforts for a better future.*

POEMS. By J. F. Waller, L.L.D. (McGlashan.)—Dr. Waller's verse is soft and gentle; it comes on the ear plaintively and pleasantly, for it bears with it the echoes of familiar music, and at the same time has a modulation of its own that harmonizes and combines the notes selected or remembered from the strings of many lyres. 'Ravenscroft Hall,' the longest poem in the book, has the strain and the measure of Byron's 'Dream,' without the fierceness and the picturesqueness of that terrible piece of self-portraiture. Shelley, Keats, and Dryden often show themselves as the models followed. The tale of Alice and her love, in the old hall at Ravenscroft, is in our view the best, if not the most finished, of Mr. Waller's efforts. Here is a picture of the lady and her two lovers:—

The girl surveyed him till her blue eye swam
In moisture, that swelled o'er the reddening lid,
And glistened on the dark and taper lash;
But spoke she not. Remorseful and ashamed,
"Alice," he cried, "forgive me this wild mood;
Couldst thou my spirit read thou wouldst forgive—
Being unread, I more forgiveness need."
"Nay, Walter, I do read thy heart, and plainly,—
Thou'rt somewhat chafed—confess it—that thy verse
Has not been praised with sighings, and 'Ah! me's'—
The tribute of such petty love-conceits.
Poets are all such vain and jealous creatures—
And why not thou? But come, thou shalt not fall
Of minstrel's guerdon."

Then she plucked a rose,
Full-blown and dewy, and with sportive hand
Showered the loosed leaves on Walter's brow; but he
Turned sorrowful away, and with a sigh
Walked down the sloping turf, and passed from sight
Amidst the shadows of a laurel grove.

Alice and Ralph, in the hot noon of day,
Paced a sweet alley where the birch, and oak,
And light-sprayed ashes, interlacing close
Their lofty branches in an arch o'erhead,
Barred out the sun-glare. Caroled wild the birds
Deep in the underwood, or on the heights
Of rocking branches, where they basked in light.
Alice and Ralph alone paced to and fro,
So silent both, that ye might hear the tread
Of their slow feet, upon the shell-strewed walk,
Or the low chirping of the shrill cicada.
The young man gazed upon the gentle girl,
Intent and long, as though his eyes would pry
Deep through her orbs into her heart of hearts,
And read the hived sweetness of her love.
She the while
Curtned her blue eyes with their fringed lids,
And gave not entrance to his passionate gaze.
Woman's defensive instinct! like the flower
That closes quick its sensitive leaves if even
An infant's finger touch them.

And thus they walked, happy, yet ill at ease,
For they were lovers, though as yet no word
Of formal courtship told the young man's love.
But ere the shadows of the western hills
Stretched far into the vale at eventide,
Their hearts stood all confess. It skills not how—
By words, or something tenderer still than words—
—'Tis the old tale—old, yet still ever new,
The mode still varying, but the end the same,
In all times—in all places—in the halls
Of princes—in the peasant's lowly hut—
In crowded cities—in the lone savannahs—
The same mysterious, subtle, potent instinct,

That guided Adam in primeval bowers,
And shook with troublous joy the beating heart
Of his most beauteous God-gift; and that now,
In this old, sin-stained, and degenerate world,
Wakes in man's heart the one lone feeling left
That links him still to God.

—Story and rhythm both suggest the model;
and it is no bad proof of independent merit
that the eye can dwell with pleasure on lines
so perilous in the comparisons which they
provoke.—*Athenæum*.

NOT TO PROVOKE A DISPUTANT.—"My care
usually was," says Thomas Story the Quaker,
"not to provoke my opponent; for by keeping
him calm, I had his own understanding, and
the measure of grace in him, for truth and my
point, against the error he contended for; and
my chief aim generally has been, to gain upon
people's understandings for their own good.
But when a man is put into a passion, he may
be confounded, but not convinced; for passion
is as a scorching fire without light, it suspends
the understanding, and obstructs the way to it,
so that it cannot be gained upon, or informed,
which ought to be the true aim in all confer-
ences and reasoning in matters of religion;
else all will end in vain and unprofitable jang-
ling, contrary to the nature of the thing they
reason about, and displease the Holy One, and
end in trouble."—*Life of Thomas Story*.

* The first disturbance produced by the measures of
the Abolitionists took place in New York, in 1834. In
1835, lawless proceedings against persons belonging or
supposed to belong to that party, occurred in Baltimore,
New Orleans, and in the States of Mississippi and Wis-
consin. In 1837, President Van Buren, the first who, in
his public addresses, adverted to the question of slavery,
expressed his determination "to resist the slightest in-
terference with it in the States where it exists." The
continual agitation of the subject and the efforts of the
Abolitionists to facilitate the escape of slaves, produced,
in 1850, the Fugitive Slave Law, which has given tenfold
bitterness to the feelings of the North, and roused the
South to declare that its repeal will be followed by a
dissolution of the Union. How is it possible, until their
feelings are quieted on both sides, that any real and
vigorous efforts can be made even in those slave States
which once manifested a desire to lead the way in the
further progress of abolition?

In two, at least, of them, the current has now com-
pletely turned. Kentucky, in 1850, by a vote of 71,563
for, 20,303 against; Maryland in 1851, and Virginia in
1851, by a vote of 75,748 for, and 11,000 against, adopted
ultra democratic constitutions (every free white male
of 21 years of age, resident from six months to two
years, having a vote); yet, in the two last, the General
Assembly is altogether restricted from emancipating.
In Kentucky, the consent of the owner is required, or
the payment of a full equivalent, and the removal of
those emancipated from the State; the latter provision
adding greatly to the cost and difficulties.

I take the above figures from the American Almanac
(Boston), a very useful compilation, to which I am much
indebted.

The Constitution of the United States, compared with
our own, by Hugh Seymour Tremaine. London.
1854. pp. 337-343.

THE COSSACK'S ADDRESS TO HIS HORSE.

We have been favoured with the following spirited translation of one of Beranger's most brilliant odes. Even when written, it was not so appropriate as now to the actual position of affairs.—*Times*.

My noble courser of the waste, true friend to
bold Cossack,
Impatient still for pillage, intrepid to attack,
Fly where the northern trumpet sounds along
the Polar heath,
And lend beneath thy rider's form to-day new
wings to Death.
No gold adorns thy saddle, no jewels deck thy
rein ;
But gold and gems enrich the foe, and valour
all shall gain.
Then, neigh aloud with martial pride, my
courser wild and fleet ;
And trample nations in the dust, and Kings
beneath thy feet.

Peace flies the earth, and, flying, to me thy
reins has flung ;
Old Europe's ramparts crumble down, her
portals wide are swung.
Pour forth before my greedy hand the wealth
her vaults enclose,
And rest thee in the classic haunts where arts
e'en yet repose.
Twice hast thou laved thy gory flank within the
rebel Seine ;
Return, return, my courser, and drink her
waves again.
Then neigh, &c.

Besieged as in some mighty fort by subjects oft
betrayed,
The king, the noble, and the priest, all cry to
me for aid—

Oh! save us from our people's hand, and leave
us tyrants still,
And we will be thy slaves, Cossack, the pup-
pets of thy will ;
And I have taken up my lance to do the thing
they spoke,
And cross and sceptre shall go down before
that lance be broke.
Then neigh, &c.

I saw beside our bivouack a giant's shadowy
form ;
Beneath his gaze the watch-fire paled, his
accents hushed the storm.
"My reign begins anew," he cried, and o'er his
phantom crest
He waved his battle-axe on high, and pointed to
the West.
Oh well I knew the royal Hun, the chief of
deathless sway,
Thy son, O Attila, am I ; thy mandate I obey.
Then neigh, &c.

The glories that o'er Europe's brow their paling
radiance bend,
The learning that adorns her sons, but aids not
to defend,
Engulfed within the cloud of dust that from
thy hoofs is cast,
Shall vanish blank and recordless, the present
with the past.
Efface the shrines where nations kneel—efface
the kingly throne—
Laws, manners, memories, all efface—and be
the wreck our own.
Then neigh aloud with martial pride, my cour-
ser wild and fleet ;
And trample nations in the dust, and Kings
beneath thy feet.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XVIII.

"EH, Menie, are you sure yon's London?"

So asked little July Home standing under the shadow of the elm-trees, and looking out upon the sea of city smoke, with great St. Paul's looming through its dimness. July did not quite understand how she could be said to be near London, so long as she stood upon the green sod, and saw above her the kindly sky. "There's no very mony houses hereaway," said the innocent July ; "there's mair in Dumfries, Menie—and this is just a fine green park, and here's trees—are you sure yon's London?"

"Yes, it's London." Very differently they looked at it ;—the one with the marvellous eyes of a child ready to believe all wonders of that mysterious place, supreme among the nations, which was rather a superb individual personage from among the Arabian genii than a collection of human streets and houses full of the usual weaknesses of humankind ; the other with the dreamy gaze of a woman, pondering in her heart over the scene of her fate.

"And Randall's yonder, and Johnnie Lithgow?" said July. "I would just like to ken where ; Menie, you've been down yonder in the town—where will Johnnie and our Randall be? Mrs. Wellwood down in Kirklands bade

me ask Randall if he knew a cousin of hers, Peter Scott, that lives in London ; but nobody could ken a' the folk, Menie, in such a muckle town."

"My dear Miss July, muckle is an ugly word," said Miss Annie Laurie, "and you must observe how nicely your brother and his friend speak—quite marvellous for self-educated young men—and even Menie here is very well. You must not say muckle, my love."

"It was because I meant to say very big," said July with a great blush, holding down her head and speaking in a whisper. July had thrown many a wandering glance already at Miss Annie, speculating whether to call her the old lady or the young lady, and listening with reverential curiosity to all she said ; for July thought "She—the lady," was very kind to call her my dear and my love so soon, and to kiss her when she went away wearied, on her first evening at Heathbank, to rest ; though July could never be sure about Miss Annie, and marvelled much that Menie Laurie should dare to call any one in such ringlets and such gowns, aunt.

"You will soon learn better, my dear little girl," said the gracious Miss Annie, "and you

must just be content to continue a little girl while you are here, and take a lesson now and then, you know; and above all, my darling, you must take care not to fall in love with this young man whom you speak of so familiarly. He must not be Johnnie any more, but only Mr. Lithgow, your brother's friend and ours—for I cannot have both my young ladies falling in love."

"Me!" July's light little frame trembled all over, her soft hair fell down upon her neck. "It never will stay up," murmured July, with eager deprecation, as Miss Annie's eye fell upon the silky uncurled locks; but it was only shamefacedness and embarrassment which made July notice the descent of her hair—for July was trembling with a little thrill of fear and wonder and curiosity. Was it possible, then, that little July had come to sufficient years to be capable of falling in love?—and, in spite of herself, July thought again upon Johnnie Lithgow, and marvelled innocently, though with a blush, whether he "minded" her as she minded him.

But July could not understand the strange abstraction which had fallen upon her friend—the dreamy eye, the vacant look, the long intervals of silence. Menie Laurie of Burnside had known nothing of all this new-come gravity, and July's wistful look had already begun to follow those wandering eyes of hers—to follow them away through the daylight, and into the dark, wondering—wondering—what it was that Menie sought to see.

Jenny is busied in the remote regions of the kitchen at this present moment, delivering a lecture, very sharp, and marked with some excitement, to Miss Annie Laurie's kitchen maid, who is by no means an ornamental person, and for that and many other reasons is a perpetual grief to Miss Annie's heart—so Jenny is happily spared the provocation of beholding the new visitor who has entered the portals of Heathbank. For a portentous shawl, heavy as a thundercloud, a gown lurid as the lightning escaping from under its shade, and a new bonnet grim with gentility, are making their way round the little lawn, concealing from expectant eyes the slight person and small well-formed head, with its short matted crop of curls, which distinguished Johnnie Lithgow. Johnnie, good fellow, does not think his sister the most suitable visitor in the world to the Laurie household; but Johnnie would not, for more wealth than he can reckon, put slight upon his sister even in idea—so Miss Annie Laurie's Maria announces Miss Pantan at the door of Miss Annie Laurie's drawing-room, and Nelly, where she failed to come as a servant, is introduced as a guest.

"Thank'ye, mem," said Nelly. "I like London very weel so far as I've seen it—but it's a muckle place, I dinna doubt, no to be lookit through in a day—and I'm aye fleyed to lose myself in thae weary streets; but you see I dinna come here ance errand to see the town, but rather came with an object, mem—and now I'm to bide on to take care of Johnnie. My mother down by at hame has had mony thochts

about him being left his lane, with naeboddy but himself to care about in a strange place—and it's sure to be a comfort to her me stopping with Johnnie, for she kens I'm a weel-meaning person, whatever folk do to me; and I would be real thankful if ye could recommend me to a shop for good linen, for I have a' his shirts to mend. To be sure, he has plenty of siller—but he's turning the maist extravagant lad I ever saw."

"Good soul! and you have come to do all those kind things for him," said Miss Annie Laurie: "it is so delightful to me to find these fine homely natural feelings in operation—so primitive and unsophisticated. I can't tell you what pleasure I have in watching the natural action of a kind heart."

"I am much obliged to ye, mem," said Nelly, wavering on her seat with a half intention of rising to acknowledge with a curtsy this complimentary declaration. "I was aye kent for a weel-meaning lass, though I have my faults—but I'm sure Johnnie ought to ken how weel he can depend on me."

July Home was standing by the window—standing very timid and demure, pretending to look out, but in reality lost in conjectures concerning Johnnie Lithgow, whose image had never left her mind since Miss Annie took the pains to advise her not to think of him. July, innocent heart, would never have thought of him had this warning been withheld; but the fascination and thrill of conscious danger filled July's mind with one continual recollection of his presence, though she did not dare to turn round frankly and own herself his old acquaintance. With a slight tremble in her little figure, July stands by the window and July's silky hair already begins to droop out of the braid in which she had confined it with so much care. A silk gown—the first and only one of its race belonging to July—has been put on in honour of this, her first day at Heathbank; and July, to tell the truth, is somewhat fluttered on account of it, and is a little afraid of herself and the unaccustomed splendour of her dress.

Menie Laurie, a good way apart, sits on a stool at her mother's feet, looking round upon all those faces—from July's innocent tremble of shy pleasure, to Johnnie Lithgow's well-pleased recognition of his childish friend. There is something touching in the contrast when you turn to Menie Laurie, looking up, with all these new-awakened thoughts in her eyes, into her mother's face. For dutiful and loving as Menie has always been, you can tell by a glance that she never clung before as she clings now—that never in her most trustful childish times was she so humble in her helplessness as her tender woman's love is to-day. Deprecating, anxious, full of so many wistful beseeching ways—do you think the mother does not know why it is that Menie's silent devotion thus pleads and kneels and clings to her very feet?

And there is a shadow on Mrs. Laurie's brow—a certain something glittering under Mrs. Laurie's eyelid. No, she needs no interpreter—

and the mother hears Menie's prayer, "Will you like him—will you try to like him?" sounding in her heart, and resolves that she will indeed try to like him for Menie's sake.

"Mr. Home, of course, will come to see us to-night," said the sprightly Miss Annie. "My dear Mrs. Laurie, how can I sufficiently thank you for bringing such a delightful circle of young people to Heathbank? It quite renews my heart again. You can't think how soon one gets worn out and weary in this commonplace London world: but so fresh—so full of young spirits and life—I assure you, Mr. Lithgow, yourself, and your friend, and my sweet girls here, are quite like a spring to me."

Johnnie, bowing in response, gradually drew near the window. You will begin to think there is something very simply pretty and graceful in this little figure standing here within shadow of the curtain, the evening sun just missing it as it steals timidly into the shade, and this brown hair, so silky soft, has slid down at last upon July's shoulder, and the breath comes something fast on July's small full nether lip, and a little changeful flush of colour hovers about, coming and going upon July's face. Listen—for now a sweet little timid voice, fragrant with the low-spoken Borderspeech, softened out of all its harshness, steals upon Johnnie Lithgow's ear. He knows what the words are, for he draws very near to listen—but we, a little farther off, hear nothing but the voice—a very unassured, shy, girlish voice; and July casts a furtive look around her, to see if it is not possible to get Menie Laurie to whisper her answer to; but when she does trust the ear with these few words of hers, July feels less afraid.

Johnnie Lithgow!—no doubt it is the same Johnnie Lithgow who carried her through the wood, half a mile about, to see the sunset from the Resting Stane; but whether this can be the Mr. Lithgow who is very clever and a great writer, July is puzzled to know. For he begins to ask so kindly about the old homely Kirkland people; he "minds" every nook and corner so well, and has such a joyous recollection of all the Hogmanays and Hallowe'ens—the boyish pranks and frolics, the boyish friends. July, simple and perplexed, thinks within herself that Randall never did so, and doubts whether Johnnie Lithgow can be clever, after all.

CHAPTER XIX.

"And July, little girl—you are glad to see Menie Laurie again?"

But July makes a long pause—July is always timid of speaking to her brother.

"Menie is not Menie now," said July thoughtfully. "She never looks like what she used to look at Burnside."

"What has changed her?" At last Randall began to look interested.

Another long pause, and then July startled him with a burst of tears. "She never looks like what she used to look at Burnside," repeated Menie's little friend, with timid sobs,

"but aye thinks, thinks, and has trouble in her face night and day."

The brother and sister were in the room alone. Randall turned round with impatience. "What a foolish little creature you are, July. Menie does not cry like you for every little matter; Menie has nothing to trouble her."

"It's no me, Randall," said little July, meekly. "If I cry, I just canna help it, and it's nae matter; but, oh, I wish you would speak to Menie—for something's vexing her."

"I am sure you will excuse me for leaving you so long," said the sprightly voice of Miss Annie Laurie, entering the room. "What! crying, July darling? Have we not used her well, Mr. Home? but my poor friend Mrs. Laurie has just got a very unpleasant letter, and I have been sitting with her to comfort her."

Randall made no reply, unless the smile of indifference which came to his lips, the careless turning away of his head, might be supposed to answer; for Randall did not think it necessary to pretend any interest in Mrs. Laurie.

But just then he caught a momentary glimpse of some one stealing across the farthest corner of the lawn, behind a group of shrubs. Randall could not mistake the figure; and it seemed to pause there, where it was completely hidden, except to the keen eye which had watched it thither, and still saw a flutter of drapery through the leaves.

"Mem, if you please, Miss Menie's out," said Jenny, entering suddenly, "and the mistress sent me with word that she wasna very weel herself, and would keep up the stair if you've nae objections. As I said, 'I trow no, you would have nae objections'—no to say there's company in the house to be a divert—and the mistress is far frae weel."

"But, Jenny, you must tell my darling Menie to come in," said Miss Annie. "I cannot want her, you know; and I am sure she cannot know who is here, or she would never bid you say she was out. Tell her I want her, Jenny."

"Mem, I have told you," said Jenny, somewhat fiercely, "if she was aye given to leashing-making she would have to get another lass to gang her errands than Jenny, and I canna tell what for Miss Menie should need, or do aught but her ain pleasure, for any company that's here 'enow. I'm no fit mysel, an auld lass like me, to gang away after Miss Menie's licht fit; but she's out-by, puir bairn—and it's little onybody kens Jenny that would blame me wi' a' tee."

She had reached the door before Randall could prevail with himself to follow her; but at last he did hurry after Jenny, making a hasty apology as he went. Randall had by no means paid to Jenny the respect to which she held herself entitled: her quick sense had either heard his step behind, or surmised that he would follow her; and Jenny, in a violent fuff, strongly suppressing herself, but quivering all over with the effort it cost her, turned sharp round upon him, and came to a dead pause facing him, as he closed the door.

"Where is Miss Menie Laurie? I wish to see her," said Randall. Randall did not choose to be familiar even now.

"Miss Menie Laurie takes her ain will commonly," said Jenny, making a satirical curtsey. "She's been used wi't this lang while; and she hasna done what Jenny bade her this mony a weary day. Atweel, if she had, some things wouldna have been to undo that are—and mony an hour's wark and hour's peace the hail house micht ha'e gotten, if she had aye had the sense to advise with the like of me; but she's young, and she takes her ain gate. Poor thing! she'll have to do somebody else's will soon enough if there's nae deliverance; whatfor should I grudge her her ain the noo?"

"What do you mean? I want to see Menie," exclaimed Randall, with considerable haste and eagerness. "Do you mean to say she does not want to see me? I have never been avoided before. What does she mean?"

"Ay, my lad, that's right," said Jenny; "think of yourself just, like a man, afore ye gie a kindly thought to her, and her in trouble. It's like you a'; it's like the hail race and lineage of ye, father and son. No that I'm meaning only ill to auld Croftmill; but nae doubt he's a man like the lave."

Randall lifted his hand impatiently, waving her away.

"I wouldna wonder!" cried Jenny. "I wouldna wonder—no me. She's owre mony about that like her, has she?—it'll be my turn to gang my ways, and no trouble the maister. You would like to get her, now she's in her flower; you would like to take her up and carry her away, and put her in a cage, like a pair bit singing-burdie, to be a pleasure to you. What are you courting my bairn for? It's a' for your ain delight and pleasure, because ye canna help but be glad at the sight of her, a darling as she is; because ye would like to get her to yourself, like a piece of land; because she would be something to you to be maister and lord of to make ye the mair esteemed in ither folks' een, and happier for yourself. Man, I've carried her miles o' gate in thae very arms of mine. I've watched her grow year to year, till there's no ane like her in a' the countryside.—Is't for myself?—she canna be Jenny's wife—she canna be Jenny's ain born bairn? But Jenny would put down her neck under the darling's foot, if it was to give her pleasure—and here's a strange lad comes that would act away me."

But Jenny's vehemence was touched with such depth of higher feeling as to exalt it entirely out of the region of the "fuff." With a hasty and trembling hand she dashed away some tears out of her eyes. "I'm no to make a fule of myself afore him," muttered Jenny, drawing a hard breath through her dilated nostrils.

Randall, with some passion, and much scorn in his face, had drawn back a little to listen. Now he took up his hat hurriedly.

"If you are done, you will let me pass, perhaps," he said angrily. "This is absurd you know—let me pass. I warn you I will not quarrel with Menie for all the old women in the world."

"If it's me, you're welcome to ca' me

names," said Jenny, fiercely. "I daur ye to say a word of the mistress—on your peril. Miss Menie pleases to be her lane. I tell you Miss Menie's out-by; and I would like to ken what call ony mortal has to disturb the poor lassie in her distress, when she wants to keep it to herself. He doesna hear me—he's gane the very way she gaed," said Jenny, softening, as he burst past her out of sight. "I'll no say I think ony waur of him for that; but waes me, waes me—what's to come out o't a', but dismay and distress to my puir bairn?"

Distress and dismay—it is not hard to see them both in Menie Laurie's face, so pale and full of thought, as she leans upon the wall here among the wet leaves, looking out. Yes, she is looking out, fixedly and long, but not upon the misty far-away London, not upon the pleasant slope of green, the retired and quiet houses, the whispering neighbour trees. Something has brought the dreamy distant future, the unknown country, bright and far away—brought it close upon her, laid it at her feet. Her own living breath this moment stirs the atmosphere of this still unaccomplished world; her foot is stayed upon its threshold. No more vague fears—no more mere clouds upon the joyous firmament—but close before her, dark and tangible, the crisis and decision—the turning-point of heart and hope. Before her wistful eyes lie two clear paths, winding before her into the evening sky. Two; but the spectre of a third comes in upon her—a life distraught and barren of all comfort—a fate irrevocable, not to be changed or softened; and Menie's heart is deadly sick in her poor breast, and faints for fear. Alas for Menie Laurie's quiet heart!

She was sad yesterday. Yesterday she saw a cloudy sword, suspended in the skies, waving and threatening above her unguarded head; to-day she looks no longer at this imaginative menace. From another unfeared quarter there has fallen a real blow.

CHAPTER XX.

With the heat and flush of excitement upon his face, Randall Home made his way across the glistening lawn, and through the wet shrubs—for there had been rain—to that corner of the garden where he had seen Menie disappear. Impatiently his foot rung upon the gravel path, and crushed the fallen branches; something of an angry glow was in his eye, and heated and passionate was the colour on his cheek.

"You are here, Menie!" he exclaimed. "I think you might have had sufficient respect for me, to do what you could to prevent this last passage of arms."

"Respect!" Menie looked at him with doubtful apprehension. She thought the distress of her mind must have dulled and blunted her nerves; and repeated the word vacantly, scarcely knowing what it meant.

"I said respect. Is it so presumptuous an idea?" said Randall, with his cold sarcastic smile.

But Menie made no answer. Drawing back with a timid frightened motion, which did not belong to her natural character, she stood so very pale, and chill, and tearful, that you could have found nowhere a more complete and emphatic contrast than she made to her betrothed. The one so full of strength and vigour, stout independence and glowing resentment—the other with all her life gone out of her, as it seemed, quenched and subdued in her tears.

"You have avoided me in the house—you will not speak to me now," said Randall. "Menie, Menie, what does this mean?"

For Menie had not been able to conceal from him that she was weeping.

"It is no matter, Randall," said Menie; "it is no matter."

Randall grew more and more excited. "What is the matter? Have you ceased to trust me, Menie? What do you mean?"

"I mean nothing to make you angry—I never did," said Menie, sadly. "I'm not very old yet, but I never grieved anybody, of my own will, all my days. Ill never came long ago; or, if it came, nobody ever blamed it on me. I wish you would not mind me," she said, looking up suddenly. "I came out here, because my mind was not fit to speak to anybody—because I wanted to complain to myself where nobody should hear of my unthankfulness. I would not have said a word to anybody—not a word. There was no harm in thinking within my own heart."

"There is harm in hiding your thoughts from me," said Randall. "Come, Menie, you are not to cheat me of my rights. I was angry—forgive me; but I am not angry now. Menie, my poor sorrowful girl, what ails you? Has something happened? Menie, you must tell me."

"It is just you I must not tell," said Menie, under her breath. Then she wavered a moment, as if the wind swayed her light figure, and held her in hesitating uncertainty; and then, with a sudden effort, she stood firm, apart from the wall she had been leaning on, and apart, too, from Randall's extended arm.

"Yes, I will tell you," said Menie, seriously. "You mind what happened a year ago, Randall; you mind what we did and what we said then—For ever and for ever."

Randall took her hand tenderly into his own, "for ever and for ever." It was the words of their troth-pledge.

"I will keep it in my heart," said poor Menie. "I will never change in that, but keep it night and day in my heart. Randall, we are far apart already. I have a little world you do not choose to share: you are entering a greater world, where I can never have any place. God speed you, and God go with you, Randall Home. You will be a great man: you will prosper and increase; and what would you do with poor Southland Menie, who cannot help you in your race? Randall, we will be good friends: we will part now, and say farewell."

Abrupt as her speech was Menie's manner of speaking. She had to hurry over these disjointed

words, lest her sobs should overtake and choke her utterance ere they were done.

Randall shook his head with displeased impatience. "This is mere folly, Menie. What does it mean? Cannot you tell me simply and frankly what is the matter, without such a preface as this? But indeed I know very well what it means. It means that I am to yield something—to undertake something—to reconcile myself to some necessity or other, distasteful to me. But why commence so tragically?—the threat should come at the end, not at the beginning."

"I make no threat," said Menie, growing colder and colder, more and more upright and rigid; "I mean to say nothing that can make you angry. Already I have been very unhappy. I dare not venture, with our changed fortunes, to make a life-long trial—I dare not."

"Your changed fortunes?" interrupted Randall. "Are your fortunes to-day different from what they were yesterday?"

Menie paused. "It is only a very poor pride which would conceal it from you," she said at length. "Yes, they are different. Yesterday we had enough for all we needed—to-day we have not anything. You will see how entirely our circumstances are changed; and I hope you will see too, Randall, without giving either of us the pain of mentioning them, all the reasons which make it prudent for us, without prolonging the conflict longer, to say good-by. Good-by; I can ask nothing of you but to forget me, Randall."

And Menie held out her hand, but could not lift her eyes. Her voice had sunk very low, and a slight shiver of extreme self-constraint passed over her—her head drooped lower and lower on her breast—her fingers played vacantly with the glistening leaves; and when he did not take it, her hand gradually dropped and fell by her side.

There was a moment's silence—no answer—no response—no remonstrance. Perhaps, after all, the poor perverse heart had hoped to be overwhelmed with love which would take no denial: as it was, standing before him motionless, a great faintness came upon Menie. She could vaguely see the path at her feet, the trees on either hand. "I had better go, then," she said, very low and softly; and the light had faded suddenly upon Menie's sight into a strange ringing twilight, full of floating motes and darkness—and those few paces across the lawn filled all her mind like a life journey, so full of difficulty they seemed, so weak was she.

Go quickly, Menie—quickly, ere those growing shadows darken into a blind unguided night—swiftly, ere these faltering feet grow powerless, and refuse to obey the imperative eager will. To reach home—to reach home—home, such a one as it is, lies only half a dozen steps away; press forward, Menie—are those years or hours that pass in the journey? But the hiding-place and shelter is almost gained.

When suddenly this hand which he would not take is grasped in his vigorous hold—suddenly this violent tremble makes Menie feel how he supports her, and how she leans on him. "I am going home," said Menie, faintly. Still

he made no answer, but held her strongly, willingly; not resisting, but unaware of her efforts to escape.

"I have wherewith to work for you, Menie," said the man's voice in her ear. "What are your changed fortunes to me? If you were a princess, I would receive you less joyfully, for you would have less need of me. Menie, Menie, why have you tried yourself so sorely—and why should this be a cause of separating us? I wanted only you."

And Menie's pride had failed her. She hid her face in her hands, and cried, "My mother, my mother!" in a passion of tears.

"Your mother, your mother? But you have a duty to me," said Randall, more coldly. "Your mother must not bid you give me up: you have no right to obey. Ah! I see; I am dull and stupid; forgive me, Menie. You mean that your mother's fortunes are changed. She has the more need of a son then: and my May Marion knows well, that to be her mother is enough for me—you understand me, Menie. This does not change our attachment, does not change our plans, our prospects in the slightest degree. It may make it more imperative that your mother should live with us, but *you* will think that no misfortune. Well, are we to have no more heroics now—nothing tragical—but only a little good sense and patience on all sides, and my Menie what she always is? Come, look up and tell me."

"I meant nothing heroic—nothing. What I said was not false, Randall," said Menie, looking up with some fire. "If you think it was unreal, that I did not mean it—"

"If you do not mean it now, is not that enough?" said Randall, smiling. "Let us talk of something less weighty. July says you do not kok as you used to do; has this been weighing on your mind, Menie? But, indeed, you have not told me what the misfortune is."

"We knew it only to-day," said Menie. Menie spoke very low, and was very much saddened and humbled, quite unable to make any defence against Randall's lordly manner of setting her emotion aside. "My father's successors were young men, and the price they paid for entering on his practice was my mother's annuity. But now they are both gone; one died two years ago, the other only last week—and he has died very poor, and in debt, the lawyer writes; so that there is neither hope nor chance of having anything from those he leaves behind. So we have no longer an income; nothing now but my mother's life-rent in Burnside."

Menie Laurie did not know what poverty was. It was not any apprehension of this which drew from her eyes those few large tears.

"Well, that will be enough for your mother," said Randall. It was impossible for Menie to say a word or make an objection, so completely had he put her aside, and taken it for granted that his will should decide all. "Or if it was not enough, what then? Provision for the future lies with me—and you need not fear for me, Menie. I am not quarrelsome. You need not

look so deprecating and frightened; you will find no disappointment in me."

Was Menie reassured? It was not easy to tell; for very new to Menie Laurie was this trembling humility of tone and look—this faltering and wavering as if she knew not to which side to turn. But Randall began to speak as he knew how of her own self, and of their betrothing, "for ever and for ever;" and the time these words were said came back upon her with new power. Her mind was not satisfied, her heart was not convinced, and very trembling and insecure now was her secret response to Randall's declaration that she should find no disappointment in him; but her heart was young, and all unwilling to give up its blithe existence. Instinctively she fled from her own pain, and accepted the returning hope and pleasantness. Bright pictures rose before Menie, of a future household harmonious and full of peace—of the new love growing greater, fuller, day by day—the old love sacred and strong, as when it stood alone. Why did she fear? why did a lurking terror in her heart cry No, no! with a sob and pang? After all, this was no vain impracticable hope; many a one had realised it—it was right and true for ever under the skies; and Menie put her hand upon the arm of her betrothed, and closed her eyes for a moment with a softening sense of relief and comfort, and gentle tears under the lids. Let him lead forward; who can tell the precious stores of love and tenderness, and supreme regard that wait him as his guerdon? Let him lead forward—on to those bright visionary days—in to this peaceful home.

CHAPTER XXI.

Perhaps next to the pleasure of doing all for those we love best, the joy of receiving all ranks highest. With her heart elate, Menie went in again to the house she had left so sadly—went in again, looking up to Randall, rejoicing in the thought that from him every daily gift—all that lay in the future—should henceforth come. And if it were well to be Menie's mother—chief over one child's heart which could but love—how much greater joy to be Randall's mother, high in the reverent thought of such a mind as his! Now there remained but one difficulty—to bring the mother and the son lovingly together—to let no misconception, no false understanding blind the one's sight of the other—to clear away all evil judgment of the past—to show each how worthy of esteem and high appreciation the other was. She thought so in her own simple soul, poor heart! Through her own great affection she looked at both—to either of them *she* would have yielded without a murmur her own little prides and resentments; and the light of her eyes suffused them with a circle of mingling radiance; and sweet was the fellowship and kindness, pure the love and good offices, harmonious and noble the life of home and every day, which blossomed out of Menie Laurie's heart and fancy, in the reaction of her hopeless grief.

Mrs. Laurie sits very thoughtful and still by the window. Menie's mother, in her undisturbed and quiet life, had never found out before how proud she was. Now she feels it in her nervous shrinking from speech of her misfortune—in the involuntary haughtiness with which she starts and recoils from sympathy. Without a word of comment or lamentation, the mere bare facts, and nothing more, she has communicated to Miss Annie; and Mrs. Laurie had much difficulty in restraining outward evidence of the burst of indignant impatience with which, in her heart, she received Miss Annie's effusive pity and real kindness. Miss Annie, thinking it best not to trouble her kinswoman in the present mood of her mind, has very discreetly carried her pity to some one who will receive it better, and waits till "poor dear Mrs. Laurie" shall recover her composure; while even July, repelled by the absorbed look, and indeed by an abrupt short answer, too, withdraws, and hangs about the other end of the room, like a little shadow, ever and anon gliding across the window with her noiseless step, and her stream of falling hair.

Mrs. Laurie's face is full of thought—what is she to do? But, harder far than that, what is Menie to do?—Menie, who vows never to leave her—who will not permit her to meet the chill fellowship of poverty alone. A little earthen-floored Dumfriesshire cottage, with its kailyard and its one apartment, is not a very pleasant anticipation to Mrs. Laurie herself, who has lived the most part of her life, and had her share of the gifts of fortune; but what will it be to Menie, whose life has to be made yet, and whose noontime and prime must all be influenced by such a cloud upon her dawning day? The mother's brow is knitted with heavy thought—the mother's heart is pondering with strong anxiety. Herself must suffer largely from this change of fortune, but she cannot see herself for Menie—Menie: what is Menie to do?

Will it be better to see her married to Randall Home, and then to go away solitary to the cothouse in Kirklands, to spend out this weary life—these lingering days? But Mrs. Laurie's heart swells at the thought. Perhaps it will be best; perhaps it is what we must make up our mind to, and even urge upon her; but alas and alas! how heavily the words, the very thought, rings in to Mrs. Laurie's heart.

And now here they are coming, their youth upon them like a mantle and a crown—coming, but not with downcast looks; not despondent, nor afraid, nor touched at all with the heaviness which bows down the mother's spirit to the very dust. Menie will go, then—Close your eyes, mother, from the light; and try to think you are glad; try to rejoice that she will be content to part from you. It is "for her good"—is there anything you would not do "for her good," mother? It has come to the decision now; and look how she comes with her hand upon his arm, her eyes turning to his, her heart elate. She will be his wife, then—his Menie first, and not her mother's; but have we not schooled our mind to be content?

Yes, she is coming, poor heart! coming with

her new hope glorious in her eyes; coming to bring the son to his mother; coming herself with such a great embracing love as is indeed enough of its own might and strength to unite them for ever; and Menie thinks that now she cannot fail.

And now they are seated all of them about the window, July venturing forward to join the party; and as nothing better can be done, there commences an indifferent conversation, as far removed as possible from the real subject of their thoughts. There sits Mrs. Laurie, sick with her heavy musings, believing that she now stands alone, that her dearest child has made up her mind to forsake her, and that in solitude and meagre poverty she will have to wait for slow-coming age and death. Here is Randall, looking for once out of himself, with a real *will* and anxiety to soften, by every means in his power, the misfortunes of Menie's mother, and rousing himself withal to the joy of carrying Menie home—to the sterner necessity of doing a man's work to provide for her, and for the new household; and all the wonder you can summon—no small portion in those days—flutters about the same subject little July Home; and you think in your heart if you but could, what marvellous things you *would* do for Menie Laurie, and Menie Laurie's mother; while Menie herself, with a wistful new-grown habit of observation, reads everybody's face, and knows not whether to be most afraid of the obstinate gloom upon her mother's brow, or exultant in the delicate attention, the sudden respectfulness and regard, of Randall's bearing. But this little company, all so earnestly engrossed—all surrounding a matter of the vital importance to each—turn aside to talk of Miss Annie Laurie's toys—Miss Annie Laurie's party—and only when they divide and separate dare speak of what lies at their heart.

And Mrs. Laurie is something hard to be conciliated. Mrs. Laurie is much inclined to resent this softening of manner as half an insult to her change of fortune. Patience, Menie! though your mother rebuffs him, he hears it nobly. The cloud will not lighten upon her brow—cannot lighten—for you do not know how heavily this wistful look of yours, this very anxiety to please her—and all your transparent wiles and artifices—your suppressed and trembling hope, strikes upon your mother's heart. "She will go away—she will leave me." Your mother says so, Menie, within herself; and it is so hard, so very hard, to persuade the unwilling content with that sad argument, "It is for her good." Now, draw your breath softly lest she hear how your heart beats, for Randall has asked her to go to the garden with him, to speak of this; and Mrs. Laurie rises with a sort of desolate stateliness—rises—accepts his offered arm, and turns away—poor Menie! with an averted face, and without a glance at you.

And now there follows a heavy time—a little space of curious restless suspense. Wandering from window to window, from table to table; striking a few notes on the ever-open piano; opening a book now, taking up a piece of work then, Menie strays about, in an excitement of

anxiety which she can neither suppress nor conceal. Will they be friends? such friends—such loving friends as they might be, being as they are in Menie's regard so noble and generous both? Will they join heartily and cordially? will they clasp hands upon a kindly bargain? But Menie shrinks, and closes her eyes—she dares not look upon the alternative.

"Menie, will you not sit down?" Little July Home follows Menie with her eyes almost as wistfully as Menie follows Randall and her mother. There is no answer, for Menie is so fully occupied that the little timid voice fails to break through the trance of intense abstraction in which her heart is separated from this present scene. "Menie!" Speak louder, little girl: Menie cannot hear you, for other voices speaking in her heart.

So July steals across the room with her noiseless step, and has her arm twined through Menie's before she is aware. "Come and sit down—what are they speaking about, Menie? Do you not hear me? Oh, Menie, is it our Randall?—is it his blame?"

July is so near crying that she must be answered. "Nobody is to blame; there is no harm," said Menie, quickly, leading her back to her seat—quickly with an imperative hush and haste, which throws July back into timid silence, and sets all her faculties astir to listen, too. But there comes no sound into this quiet room—not even the footsteps which have passed out of hearing upon the garden path, nor so much as an echo of the voices which Menie knows to be engaged in converse which must decide her fate. But this restless and visible solicitude will not do; it is best to take up her work resolutely, and sit down with her intent face turned towards the window, from which at least the first glance of them may be seen as they return.

No,—no need to start and blush and tremble; this step, ringing light upon the path, is not the stately step of Randall—not our mother's sober tread. "It's no them, Menie—it's just Miss Laurie," whispers little startled July from the corner of the window. So long away—so long away—and Menie cannot tell whether it is a good or evil omen—but still they do not come.

"My sweet children, are you here alone?" said Miss Annie, setting down her little basket. "Menie, love, I have just surprised your mamma and Mr. Randall, looking very wise, I assure you; you ought to be quite thankful that you are too young to share such deliberations. July, dear, you must come and have your lesson; but I cannot teach you to play that favourite tune; oh no, it would be quite improper—though he has very good taste, has he not, darling? But somebody will say I have designs upon Mr. Lithgow, if I always play his favourite tune."

So saying, Miss Annie sat down before the piano, and began to sing, "For bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay down my head and dee." Poor Johnnie Lithgow had no idea, when he praised the pretty little graceful melody and delicate verses, that he was paying a compliment to the lady of Heathbank.

And July, with a blush, and a little timid eagerness, stole away to Miss Annie's side. July had never before touched any instrument except Menie Laurie's old piano at Burnside, and with a good deal of awe had submitted to Miss Annie's lessons. It did seem a very delightful prospect to be able to play this favourite tune, though July would have thought very little of it, but for Miss Annie's constant warnings. Thanks to these, however, and thanks to his own kindly half-shy regards, Johnnie Lithgow's favourite tunes, favourite books, favourite things and places, began to grow of great interest to little July Home. She thought it was very foolish to remember them all, and blushed in secret when Johnnie Lithgow's name came into her mind as an authority; but nevertheless, in spite of shame and blushing, a great authority Johnnie Lithgow had grown, and July stood by the piano, eager and afraid, longing very much to be as accomplished as Miss Annie, to be able to play his favourite tune.

While Menie Laurie still sits by the window, intent and silent, hearing nothing of song or music, but only aware of a hum of inarticulate voices, which her heart longs and strains to understand, but cannot hear.

CHAPTER XXII.

The music is over, the lesson concluded, and July sits timidly before the piano, striking faint notes with one finger and marvelling greatly how it is possible to extract anything like an intelligible strain from this waste of unknown chords. Miss Annie is about in the room once more, giving dainty touches to its somewhat defective arrangement—throwing down a book here, and there altering an ornament. Patience, Menie Laurie! many another one before you has sat in resolute outward calm, with a heart all a-throb and trembling, even as yours is. Patience; though it is hard to bear the rustling of Miss Annie's dress—the faint discords of July's music. It must have been one time or another, this most momentous interview—all will be over when it is over. Patience, we must wait.

But it is a strange piece of provocation on Miss Annie's part, that she should choose this time and no other for looking over that little heap of Menie's drawings upon the table. Menie is not ambitious as an artist—few ideas or romances are in these little works of hers; they are only some faces—not very well executed—the faces of those two or three people whom Menie calls her own.

"Come and show them to me, my love," Menie must not disobey, though her first impulse is to spring out of the low opened window, and rush away somewhere out of reach of all interruption till this long suspense is done. But Menie does not rush away; she only rises slowly—comes to Miss Annie's side—feels the pressure of Miss Annie's embracing arm round her—and turns over the drawings; strangely aware of every line in them, yet all the while in a maze of abstraction listening for their return.

Here is Menie's mother—and here again another, and yet another, sketch of her; and this is Randall Home.

"Do you know, I think they are very like," said Miss Annie: "you must do my portrait, Menie, darling—you must indeed. I shall take no denial; you shall do me in my white muslin, among my flowers; and we will put Mr. Home's sweet book on the table, and open it at that scene—that scene, you know, I pointed out to you the other day. I know what inspired him when he wrote that. Come, my love, it will divert you from thinking of this trouble—your mamma should not have told you—shall we begin now? But Menie, dear, don't you think you have put a strange look in this face of Mr. Randall? It is like him—but I would not choose you to do me with such an expression as that."

Half wild with her suspense, Menie by this time scarcely heard the words that rang into her ears, scarcely saw the face she looked upon; but suddenly, as Miss Annie spoke, a new light seemed to burst upon this picture, and there before her, looking into her eyes, with a smile of cold supervision which she always feared to see, with the incipient curl of contempt upon his lip—the pride of self-estimation in his eye—was Randall's face, glowing with contradiction to all her sudden hopes. Her own work, and she has never had any will to look at him in this aspect; but the little picture blazes out upon her like a sudden enlightenment. Here is another one done by the loving hand of memory a year ago; but, alas! there is no enchantment to bring back this ideal glory, this glow of genial love and life that makes it bright—a face of the imagination, taking all its wealth of expression from the heart which suffused these well-remembered features with a radiance of its own; but the reality looks out on Menie darkly; the face of a man not to be moved by womanish influences—not to be changed by a burst of strong emotion—not to be softened, mellowed, won, by any tenderness—a heart that can love, indeed, but never can forget itself; a mind sufficient for its own rule, a soul which knows no generous *abandon*, which holds its own will and manner firm and strong above all other earthly things. This is the face which looks on Menie Laurie out of her own picture, startling her heart, half distraught with fond hopes and dreams into the chill daylight again—full awake.

"I will make portraits," said Menie, hastily, in a flood of sudden bitterness, "when we go away, when we go home—I can do it—this shall be my trade."

And Menie closed the little portfolio abruptly, and went back to her seat without another word; went back with the blood tingling through her veins, with all her pride and all her strength astir; with a vague impetuous excitement about her—an impulse of defiance. So long—so long: what keeps them abroad lingering among these glistening trees?—perhaps because they are afraid to tell her that her fate is sealed; and starting to her feet, the thought is strong on Menie to go forth and

meet them, to bid them have no fear for her, to tell them her delusion is gone for ever, and that there is no more light remaining under the skies.

Hush! there are footsteps on the path. Who are these that come together, leaning, the elder on the younger, the mother on the son? With such a grace this lofty head stoops to our mother; with such a kindly glance she lifts her eyes to him; and they are busy still with the consultation which has occupied so long a time. While she stands arrested, looking at them as they draw near—growing aware of their full amity and union—a shiver of great emotion comes upon Menie—then, or ever she is conscious, a burst of tears. In another moment all her sudden enlightenment is gone, quenched out of her eyes out of her heart—and Menie puts the tears away with a faltering hand, and stands still to meet them in a quiet tremor of joy, the same loving Menie as of old.

"My bairn!" Mrs. Laurie says nothing more as she draws her daughter close to her, and puts her lips softly to Menie's brow. It is the seal of the new bond. The mother and the son have been brought together; the past is gone for ever like a dream of the night; and into the blessed daylight, full of the peaceful rays God sends us out of heaven, we open our eyes as to another life. Peace and sweet harmony to Menie Laurie's heart!

Put away the picture; lay it by where no one again shall believe its slander true—put away this false-reporting face; put away the strange clear-sightedness which came upon us like a curse. No need to inquire how much was false—it is past, and we begin anew.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Yes, Menie, I am quite satisfied." It is Mrs. Laurie herself who volunteers this declaration, while Menie, on the little stool at her feet, looks up wistfully, eager to hear, but not venturing to ask what her conversation with Randall was. "We said a great many things, my dear—a great deal about you Menie, and something about our circumstances too. The rent of Burnside will be sufficient income for me. I took it kind of Randall to say so, for it shows that he knew I would not be dependent; and as for you, Menie, I fancy you will be very well and comfortable, according to what he says. So you will have to prepare my dear—to prepare for your new life."

Menie hid her face in her mother's lap. Prepare—not the bridal garments, the household supplies—something more momentous, and of greater delicacy—the mind and the heart; and if this must always be something solemn and important, whatever the circumstances, how much more so to Menie, whose path had been crossed already by such a spectre! She sat there, her eyes covered with her hands, her head bowing down upon her mother's knee; but the heavy doubt had flown from her, leaving nothing but lighter cloudy shadows—maidenly fears and tremblings—in her way. Few hearts were more honest than Menie's,

few more wistfully desirous of doing well; and now it is with no serious anticipations of evil, but only with the natural thrill of tremor, the natural excitement of so great an epoch drawing close at hand, that Menie's fingers close with a startled pressure on her mother's hand, as she is bidden to prepare.

What is this that has befallen little July Home? There never was such throngs of unaccountable blushes, such a suffusion of simple surprise. Something is on her lips perpetually, which she does not venture to speak—some rare piece of intelligence, which July cannot but marvel at herself in silent wonder, and which she trembles to think Menie and "a'bode else" will marvel at still more. Withdrawing silently into dark corners, sitting there doing nothing, in long fits of reverie, quite unusual with July; coming forward so conscious and guilty, when called upon; and now, at this earliest opportunity, throwing her arms round Menie Laurie's neck, and hiding her little flushed and agitated face upon Menie's shoulder. What has befallen July Home?

"Do you think it's a' true, Menie? He wouldna say what he didna mean; but I think it's for our Randall's sake—it canna be for me!"

For July has not the faintest idea, as she lets this soft silken hair of hers fall down on her cheek without an effort to restrain it, that Johnnie Lithgow would not barter one smile upon that trembling child's lip of hers for all the Randalls in the world.

"He says he'll go to the Hill, and tell them a' at hame," said July. "Eh, Menie, what will they say? And he's to tell Randall first of all. I wish I was away, no to see Randall, Menie; he'll just laugh, and think it's no true—for I see mysel it canna be for me!"

"It is for you, July; you must not think anything else; there is nobody in the world like you to Johnnie Lithgow." And slowly July's head is raised—a bright shy look of wonder gradually growing into conviction, a sudden waking of higher thought and deeper feeling in the open simple face; a sudden flush of crimson—the woman's blush—and July withdrew herself from her friend's embrace, and stole a little apart into the shadow, and wept a few tears. Was it true? For her, and not for another! But it is a long time before this grand discovery can look a truth and real, to July's humble eyes.

But, nevertheless, it is very true. Randall's little sister, Menie's child-friend, the little July of Croftmill, has suddenly been startled into womanhood by this unexpected voice. After a severer fashion than has ever confined it before, July hastily fastens up her silky hair, hastily wipes off all traces of the tears upon her cheek, and is composed and calm, after a sweet shy manner of composure, lifting up her little gentle head with a newborn pride, eager to bring no discredit on her wooer's choice. And already July objects to be laughed at, and feels a slight offence when she is treated as a child—not for herself, but for him, whom now she does not quite care to have called *Johnnie*

Lithgow, but is covetous of respect and honor for, as she never was for Randall, though secretly in her own heart July still doubts of his genius, and cannot choose but think Randall must be *cleverer* than his less assuming friend.

And in this singular little company, where all these feelings are astir, it is hardly possible to preserve equanimity of manners. Miss Annie herself, the lady of the house, sits at her little work-table, in great delight, running over now and then in little outbursts of enthusiasm, discoursing of Mr. Home's sweet book, of Mr. Lithgow's charming articles, and occasionally making a demonstration of joy and sympathy in the happiness of her darling girls, which throws Menie—Menie, always conscious of Randall's eye upon her, the eye of a lover, it is true, but something critical withal—into grave and painful embarrassment, and covers July's stooping face with blushes. Mrs. Laurie, busy with her work, does what she can to keep the conversation "sensible," but with no great success. The younger portion of the company are too completely occupied, all of them, to think of ordinary intercourse. Miss Annie's room was never so bright, never so rich with youthful hopes and interests before. Look at them, so full of individual character, unconscious as they are of any observation—though Nelly Panton, very grim in the stiff coat armour of her new assumed gentility, sits at the table sternly upright, watching them all askance, with vigilant unloving eye.

Lithgow, good fellow, sits by Miss Annie. Though he laughs now and then, he still does not scorn the natural goodness, the natural tenderness of heart, which make their appearance under these habitual affections—the juvenile tricks and levities of her unreverent age. Poor Miss Annie Laurie has been content to resign the reverence, in a vain attempt at equality; but Lithgow, who is no critic by nature, remembers gratefully her true kindness, and smiles only as little as possible at the fictitious youthfulness which Miss Annie herself has come to believe in. So he sits and bears with her little follies and weaknesses, and, in his unconscious humility, is magnanimous, and does honor to his manhood. Within reach of his kindly eye, July bends her head over her work, glancing up now and then furtively to see who is looking at him—to see, in the second place, who is noticing or laughing at her; and July, with all her innocent heart, is grateful to Miss Annie. So many kind things she says—and in July's guileless apprehension they are all so true.

Graver, but not less happy, Menie Laurie pursues her occupation by July's side, rarely looking up at all, pondering in her own heart the many weighty things that are to come, with her tremor of fear, her joy of deliverance scarcely yet quieted, and all her heart and all her mind engaged—in dreams no longer, but in sober thought; sober thought—thoughts of great devotion, of lifelong love and service, of something nobler than the common life. Very serious are these ponderings, coming down to common labours, the course of every day; and

Menie does not know the nature of her dreamings—they look to her so real, so sober, and so true—and would scorn your warning, if you told her that not the wildest story of Arabian genii was more romance than those, her sober plans and thoughts.

Apart, and watching all, stands Randall Home. There is love in his eye—you cannot doubt it—love, and the impulse of protection, the strong appropriating grasp. There is something more. Look how his head rises in the dimmer background above the table and the lights, above the little company assembled there. With something like laughter, his eye turns upon July—upon July's wooer, his own friend—kindly, yet with a sense of superiority, an involuntary elevation of himself above them both. And this glance upon Miss Annie is mere scorn, nothing higher; and his eye has scarcely had time to recover itself, when its look falls, bright and softened, upon his betrothed; a look of love—question it not, simple Menie—but it is calm, superior, above you still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They tell me it's a hail month since it was a' settled, but I hear naething of the house or the plenishing, and no word of what Jenny's to do. If they're no wanting me, I'm no wanting them—ne'er a bit. It's aye the way guid service is rewarded; and what for should there be ony odds with Jenny? I might have kent that muckle, if I had regarded counsel, or thought of my ainself; but aye Jenny's foremost thought was of them, for a' such an ill body as she is now."

And a tear was in Jenny's eye, as she smoothed down the folds of Menie's dress—Menie's finest dress, her own present, which Menie was to wear to-night. And Menie's ornaments are all laid out carefully upon the table, everything she is likely to need, before Jenny's lingering step leaves the room. "I canna weel tell, for my pairt, what life'll be without her," muttered Jenny, as she went away. "I reckon no very muckle worth the minding about; but I'm no gaun to burden onybody that doesna want me—no, if I should never hae anither hour's comfort a' my days."

And slowly, with many a backward glance and pause, Jenny withdrew. Neglect is always hard to bear. Jenny believed herself to be left out of their calculations—forgotten of those to whom she had devoted so many years of her life; and Jenny, though she tried to be angry, could not manage it, but felt her indignant eyes startled with strange tears. It made a singular cloud upon her face this unusual emotion; the native impatience only struggled through it fitfully in angry glimpses, though Jenny was furious at herself for feeling so desolate, and very fain would have thrown off her discomfort in a puff—but far past the region of the puff was this her new-come solitude of heart. Her friends were dead or scattered, her life was all bound up in her mistress and

her mistress's child, and it was no small trial for Jenny to find herself thus cast off and thrown aside.

The next who enters this room has a little heat about her, a certain atmosphere of annoyance and displeasure. "I will be a burden"—unawares the same words steal over Mrs. Laurie's lip, but the sound of her voice checks her. Two or three steps back and forward through the room, a long pause before the window, and then her brow is cleared. You can see the shadows gradually melting away, as clouds melt from the sky, and in another moment she has left the room, to resume her place down stairs.

This vacant room—nothing can you learn from its calm good order, its windows open to the sun, its undisturbed and home-like quiet, of what passes within its walls. There is Menie's little Bible on the table; it is here where Menie brings her doubts and troubles, to resolve them, if they may be resolved. But there is no whisper here to tell you what happens to Menie, when, as has already chanced, some trouble comes upon her which it is not easy to put away. Hush! This time the door opens slowly, gravely—this time it is a footstep very sober, something languid, which comes in; and Menie Laurie puts up her hand to her forehead, as if a pain was there; but not a word says Menie Laurie's reverie—not a word. If she is sad, or if she is merry, there is no way to know. She goes about her toilette like a piece of business, and gives no sign.

But this month has passed almost like age upon Menie Laurie's face. You can see that grave thoughts are common now, everyday guests and friends in her sobered life, and that she has begun to part with her romances of joy and noble life—has begun to realise more truly what manner of future it is which lies before her. Nothing evil, perhaps—little hardship in it; no great share of labour, of poverty, or care—but no longer the grand ideal life, the dream of youthful souls.

And now she stands before the window, wearing Jenny's gown. It is only to look out if any one is visible upon the road—but there is no passenger yet approaching Heathbank, and Menie goes calmly down stairs. As it happens, the drawing-room is quite vacant of all but Nelly Panton, who sits prim by the wall in one corner. Nelly is not an invited guest, but has come as a volunteer, in right of her brother's invitation, and Miss Annie shows her sense of the intrusion by leaving her alone.

"Na, I'm no gaun to bide very lang in London," said Nelly. "Ye see, Miss Menie, you're an auld friend. I'm no so blate, but I may tell you. I didna come up here ance errand for my ain pleasure, but mostly to see Johnnie, and to try if I couldna get any word of a very decent lad, ane Peter Drummie, that belongs about our countryside. We were great friends, him and me, and then we had an outcast—you'll ken by yoursel—but we're made it up again since I came to London, and I'm gaun hame to get my providing, and comfort my mother a wee while, afore I leave her athegither. It's a real

duty, comforting folk's mother, Miss Menie. I'm sure I wouldna forget that for a' the lads in the world."

"And where are you to live, Nelly?" Nelly's moralising scarcely called for an answer.

"We havena just made up our minds; they say ae marriage aye makes mair," said Nelly, with a grim smile. "Miss Menie, you set us a' agawn."

Perhaps Menie did not care to be classed with Nelly Panton. "July Home will be a very young wife," she said; "I think your brother should be very happy with her, Nelly."

"I wouldna wonder," said Nelly, shortly; "but you see, Miss Menie, our Johnnie's a well-doing lad, and micht ha'e looked higher, meaning nae offence to you; though nae doubt it's true what Randall Home said when he was speaking about this. 'Lithgow,' says he (for he ca's Johnnie by his last name—it's a kind o' fashion heraway), 'if you get naething with your wife, I will take care to see you're no cumbered with onybody but hersel,' which nae doubt is a great comfort, seeing there micht ha' been a haill troop of friends, now that Johnnie's getting up in the world."

"What was that Randall Home said?" Menie asked the question in a very clear distinct tone, cold and steady and unflinching—"What do you say he said?—tell me again."

"He said Johnnie wouldna be troubled with name of her friends," said Nelly; "though he has her to keep, a bit wee silly thing, that can do naething in a house—and nae doubt a maid to keep to her forby—that he wouldna have ony of her friends a burden on him; and a very wise thing to say, and a great comfort. I aye said he was a sensible lad, Randall Home. Eh, preserve me!"

For Randall Home stands before her, his eyes glowing on her with haughty rage. He has heard it, every single, deliberate word, and Randall is no coward—he comes in person to answer for what he has said.

Rise, Menie Laurie! Slowly they gather over us, these kind shadows of the coming night; no one can see the momentary faltering which inclines you to throw yourself down there upon the very ground, and weep your heart out. Rise; it is you who are stately now.

"This is true?"

She is so sure of it, that there needs no other form of question, and Menie lays her hand upon the table to support herself, and stands firmly before him waiting for his answer. Why is it that now, at this moment, when she should be most strong, the passing wind brings to her, as in mockery, an echo of whispering mingled voices—the timid happiness of July Home? But Menie draws up her light figure, draws herself apart from the touch of her companions, and stands, as she fancies she must do henceforth, all her life, alone.

"This is true?"

"I would disdain myself if I tried to escape by any subterfuge," said Randall, proudly; "I might answer that I never said the words this woman attributes to me; but that I do not need

to tell you. I would not deceive you Menie. I never can deny what I have given expression to; and you are right—it is true."

And Randall thinks he hears a voice, wavering somewhere, far off, and distant like an echo—not coming from these pale lips which move and form the words, but falling out upon the air—faint, yet distinct, not to be mistaken. "I am glad you have told me. I thank you for making no difficulty about it: this is very well."

"Menie! you are not moved by this gossip's story? This that I said has no effect on you? Menie! Is a woman like this to make a breach between you and me?"

In stolid malice, Nelly Panton sits still, and listens with a certain melancholy enjoyment of the mischief she has made, protesting, under her breath, that "she meant nae ill; she aye did a'thing for the best; while Randall, forgetful of his own acknowledgment, repeats again and again his indignant remonstrance, "a woman like this!"

"No, she has no such power," said Menie firmly—"no such power. Pardon me—I am wanted to-night. My strength is not my own to be wasted now; we can conclude this matter another time."

Before he could say a word, the door had closed upon her. There was a bustle without, a glimmer of coming lights upon the wall. In a few minutes the room was lighted up, the lady of the house in her presiding place—and Randall started with angry pride from the place where he stood, by the side of Nelly Panton, whose gloomy unrelieved figure suddenly stood out in bold relief upon the brightened wall.

Another time! Menie Laurie has not gone to ponder upon what this other conference shall be—she is not by her own window—she is not out of doors—she has gone to no such refuge. Where she never went before, into the heart of Miss Annie's preparations—into the bustle of Miss Annie's hospitality—shunning even Jenny, far more shunning her mother, and waiting only till the room is full enough, to give her a chance of escaping every familiar eye. This is the first device of Menie's mazed, bewildered mind. These many days she has lived in hourly expectation of some such blow; but it stuns her when it comes.

Forlorn! forlorn! wondering if it is possible to hide this misery from every eye—pondering plans and schemes of concealment, trying to invent—do not wonder, it is a natural impulse—some generous lie. But Menie's nature, more truthful than her will, fails in the effort. The time goes on, the lingering moments swell into an hour. Music is in her ears, and smiling faces glide before her, and about her, till she feels this dreadful pressure at her heart no longer tolerable, and bursts away in a sudden passion, craving to be alone.

Another heart, restless by reason of a gnawing unhappiness, wanders out and in of these unlighted chambers—oftenest coming back to this one, where the treasures of its life rest night by night. This wandering shadow is not a graceful one—these pattering, hasty footsteps

have nothing in them of the softened lingering tread of meditation. No, poor Jenny, little of sentiment or grace embellishes your melancholy—yet it is hard to find any poem so full of pathos as a desolate heart, even such a one as beats in your homely breast to-night.

Softly—the room is not vacant now, as it was when you last entered here. Some one stands by the window, stooping forward to look at the stars; and while you linger by the door, a low cry, half a sigh, half a moan, breaks the silence faintly—not the same voice which just now bore its part so well below;—not the same,

for that voice came from the lips only—this is out of the heart.

"Bairn, you're no weel—they've a' wearied you," said Jenny, stealing upon her in the darkness: "lie down and sleep; it's nae matter for the like of me, but when you sigh, it breaks folk's hearts."

The familiar voice surprised the watcher into a sudden burst of childish tears. All the woman failed in this great trial. "Oh, Jenny, dinna tell my mother!" Menie Laurie was capable of no other thought.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CARDINALS' LEVEE, AND MID-NIGHT MASS IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, MAS EVE, 1853.

I.—THE CARDINALS' LEVEE.

"THE new Cardinals receive to-night, are you going?" Smith says to Jones.

"Why, yes, I suppose I shall drop in," he answers in an off-hand way, as if he thought it rather a bore than otherwise; but still, for fear they should be disappointed, he would *endeavour* to make that little sacrifice.

Following the example set us by these two distinguished travellers, we dined at five o'clock, and ordered the carriage at seven, for these affairs come off very early; and a much more sensible plan it is, and one that it would be very desirable that our countrymen should adopt. What *can* be the use of giving parties at midnight, and having to go to bed about the time one ought to be getting up?

We soon got into a long string of carriages bound to the same place as our own, and moved slowly up towards the palace. Outside there were two bands playing in wooden galleries, erected for the purpose, and covered with red cloth. The street was lit up by torches, and the leader, an excited gentleman with a long moustache, was waving about a wand of office in a frantic manner. An immense crowd was collected, who appeared to be very orderly, and were evidently enjoying the music much. Selection from "*Il Trovatore*," of course; they were playing the blacksmiths' chorus, with the hammer and tongs accompaniment as we drove up.

We were hurled out of the carriage pretty quickly, and up some broad stairs, brilliantly illuminated and lined with servants, through some ante-rooms, opening one through the other with velvet curtains instead of doors; where were collected many melancholy gentlemen in black shorts and buckles, who roared out the names from one to the other in a stentorian voice as the people walked in. It is rather a trying thing even in England to come forward under these circumstances; but here, where they don't even catch the name the first time, and at each repetition make it undergo further change, it was extremely difficult to advance with that easy assurance and gentlemanly *nonchalance* which is the distinguishing mark of

an Englishman abroad. Just inside the door of the receiving-room stood the two new Cardinals, dressed in black, with diamond stars on their hearts. We did not stop to converse, partly because the people behind us were trampling on our heels, and poking us in the back, and partly because we had nothing much to say. On the left of the door, was the Princess Doria, resplendent with diamonds. Whenever new Cardinals are created one of these *soirées* takes place, and they get some one of the most distinguished ladies in Rome to receive the company for them at the door; to the first reception, every one who likes comes, uninvited, to pay their respects. A more select one takes place a few nights after, to which the Cardinals issue invitations only to their friends and those who make interest for them. We made two graceful bows to the right and left, and pushed our way forward into the masses of people who filled the body of the room. It was a glittering throng with a vengeance; I never saw so many different costumes and uniforms crowded together in so small a space in my life; there must have been some seven or eight hundred in a space that would not hold more than two or three with any degree of comfort. The proportion was about six men to one lady, and amongst the Italians six priests to one of every other profession. There were all the Cardinals with little bits of red caps, like pen-wipers, stuck on the tops of their heads. There was a group of six of them, standing all together as we came in, listening to one who was holding forth in the most voluble manner: there was no mistaking that thick-set man, with those harsh features, which would be downright vulgar if they were not somewhat redeemed by the talent which you see when you look into his face more closely—it was Cardinal Wiseman. Another diminutive man, in a blue and gold uniform, with a quiet but shrewd face, was also a lion, and was pointed out to everybody as one of the chief ministers.

There were gentlemen of the clerical profession in all kinds of different costumes. Some in long black pinafores put on behind, like an undergraduate at an English university; others in tight cassocks, which made them look the same size all the way down, like the figures of Noah and his children in the arks, which used to supply so much innocent recreation in childhood's happy days; others in black cut-away coats, with magnificent diamond orders glit-

tering on their breasts, rings on their fingers, and, not unfrequently, *belles* on their toes, too, by the way; but from the highest to the lowest there was one little peculiarity you might observe in all of them, which was the power of looking different ways with both eyes at once, one over each shoulder, whilst their faces were turned towards you. You never saw them gaping and staring about like *one* set of *our* countrymen, or sticking their chins out, and looking with half closed eyes, as if it were too much exertion to look straight like *another*; but they began at a man's feet, and worked him upwards, from underneath their eyes. It is not by any means a comfortable sensation being looked over in this way, and gives one rather a fit of cold shivers. Then they don't shove through the crowd, stamping on every body's toes, and saying "Pardong 'siewr" (as if that was any consolation to the agonised sufferer, by the way), but they have a kind of feline way of creeping about, and gliding through the most crowded places without disturbing anybody. A celebrated beauty was sitting at the upper end of the room, and round her was collected a crowd of admirers, her own countrymen, passing their remarks on her personal appearance with that taste and good breeding for which we are so justly remarkable.

"Seen Lady Belgravia this morning?" said Jones.

"No; which is she?"

"Here, close to you," with a motion of his elbow in the direction. "She was the great *belle*, you know, Lady Amelia de Burley; hasn't she a pretty mouth?"

"H'm—I think I like her eyes better; but I tell you what, though, she cuts down the foreigners a little, don't she?"

And, after a good stare, Smith and Jones walk on, till somebody *else* strikes them, whose personal appearance they discuss in the same audible tone.

I wish I was a great beauty; it must be so nice to hear these kind of things said of one.

There are no invitations to these parties; everybody walks in, stares about, and goes away just when he likes, which is generally tolerably early, for the heat is great, and there is no possibility of sitting down. More than half those present were English, and one heard one's native tongue talked on all sides in all its elegant simplicity and Saxon purity.

"I say, trouble you for that swell with a hole in the back of his head?"

"Which do you mean; next the party in blue and gold, with white bags and a yellow stripe?"

"No, no, not him; that fellow in blacks and silks, next the hirsute individual with a wide-awake under his arm; isn't that a nobby diamond ring he's got on his finger?"

"Piping hot, isn't it?"

"I believe you; been running into my boots for some time; can't one get anything to drink?"

"Well, I heard there were ices somewhere, but they were all melted before you could begin to eat 'em, and you had to lap 'em up in a tepid state."

"Hang your ices, I want a glass of beer; but I suppose there's no getting such a thing in this hole."

Oh, dear! *If this* is the Italians' idea of our language, no wonder they are always telling you, "*La lingua Inglese e MOLTO difficile.*"

What tribes of our countrymen there are, to be sure; here are some more—two youths with fierce black moustaches; officers on leave, you think, perhaps?

Oh dear, no; they are curates of small agricultural parishes in England.

How astonished their flocks would be if they could only see their shepherds at this moment; to think that such fierce and fashionable looking individuals could be the same meek youths who only a few short weeks back used, each recurring Sabbath, to bleat forth those charming discourses, full of little moral platitudes, and of twenty-minutes' duration, which were so soothing and agreeable to their hearers.

There are two more leaning against the door that goes into the little inner room, which is set apart for the sacred few. Tall, well made, and what people call quite good-looking *enough*, and what is better still, so fresh and clean-looking.

Extremely nice they look, certainly, dressed in a plain suit of black, one hand gracefully thrust into those elegant little trouser-pockets, and the other trifling with some little coral ornament dependent from the watch-chain. Nobody but an Englishman *could* achieve such a shirt as that, perfectly plain, and as flat as a board on the chest, and the collars the same height all the way round, and a miracle of whiteness and smoothness, such as no words would do justice to. Then the bit of shoe-string, exactly half an inch wide and no perceptible thickness, which now acts as neck-cloth vice three folds of muslin starched to an agonising degree of stiffness, and gills like the jib of a schooner sawing against the cheek bones and utterly destroying the symmetry of his whiskers. Certainly we have improved in dress in the last few years; loose sleeves and open necks are a move in the right direction, and if any *really* talented person would only turn his mind to the subject of hats, and get rid of the present chimney-pots, we should do very well.

But now comes a stir and a crowding to one corner of the room. What can it be? Following the rush, you find the Princess Polonia's diamonds are the bait that has drawn everybody, and you see them glittering in the distance. Really they are quite magnificent; but fancy having to wear that great, heavy tiara on the top of your head, or those strings of blazing stones as big as nuts on your neck!

Still one would go through a good deal to be the object of so much attention; it must be very agreeable to have all the people crowding round, and standing up on tip-toes to stare at one in this way. There is one lady has pursued her investigation so far, that she has actually got her hand in the middle of the edifice on the back of the Princess's head, and is fondling one of the largest of the gems, as if she would like to pinch it off, as we have no doubt

she would. Thanks to Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, we have a good deal of snobism exposed, but there is still plenty left to wage war against. Notwithstanding that it is so snobbish, though, one *can't* help taking a good stare on the sly. They certainly are most magnificent; one never sees anything like them in England; there are about four times as many, and they are five times as large as even Mrs. Skewton's, but then they have not the same touching little romance attached to them which gives such a peculiar interest to those gems.

In a party of this kind, where everybody is covered with jewels and gold, we think it looks much more *distingué* to be perfectly plain, and it is especially desirable when you can't eclipse "the foreigners," as we call them—though, after all, it is their own country. So, as none of our great ladies have anything like such jewels as these, we can flatter our national vanity by saying, "After all, how much better and more aristocratic the Duchess looked in her simple pink dress, without any ornament, than all the Contessas and Principessas in their diamonds; and I am sure I had sooner have a black coat on, than that sky-blue affair, with a wreath of gold laurels in the small of the back, like the fat little man whose sword gave me such a bang on the shins as he passed just now." There is another distinguished individual, rather like his late Majesty Louis Philippe, with a red coat covered with gold, pale orange-coloured trousers, and a poor man's plaister worn outside over his chest. He is standing under the chandelier, just in front of three ladies in chairs. Notwithstanding his glorious apparel, you see he is at a loss for conversation, and is racking his brains for something to say. One can see it all; he is utterly wretched, and yet is afraid to go away; so he looks up at the ceiling, and then uneasily around him, frowns and bites his lips, and yet, good Heavens! he can't think of anything. Ah! he is inspired at last—he has got an idea, and he stoops down to deliver himself of it, when some melted wax drips down from the chandelier above, and catches him exactly between the ears, on which he turns very red, as well he may, for it must have burnt horribly, and moves off with tears in his eyes. Notwithstanding his exalted position, whatever it may be, do you suppose that man is happy at this moment? If one may judge from his countenance, he carries an aching heart beneath that poor man's plaister.

However, it is nine o'clock, and we are beginning to get tired of it, so, edging our way through the crowds of cardinals, monsignores, diplomats, soldiers, and civilians, towards the door, we again run the gauntlet of the stairs; a magnificent gentleman, with a cocked hat enveloped in a sponge bag, calls the carriage, and we return home very glad to have seen the kind of thing once, but not caring much if we never go to another.

II.—MIDNIGHT MASS IN SAINT PETER'S.

A few nights afterwards we were present at

a very different scene. It was Christmas eve, and all the rest of the world went to hear evening mass at Santa Maria Maggiore, at seven o'clock, where there was a grand service, and the Pope assisted in person; but knowing what a crush there would be at that hour, and what little chance of seeing anything, we determined to sit up and go to St. Peter's at three in the morning. It was rather an undertaking, and we were more than once nearly giving in and going to bed; however, afterwards we were glad not to have given way to the inclination, as it certainly was a sight to see. We left the Piazza di Spagna a little after two, and it still wanted nearly half an hour to the time when we arrived at St. Peter's. The big bell was booming, a summons to the prayers as we crossed the square, an invitation which had not been attended to by many. A few shadowy figures stalking about in front of the portico was all we saw. On entering the church the effect was truly overwhelming; we think the vastness and grandeur of the building was rendered all the more impressive by the depths of darkness around, *which* darkness was only made the *more* apparent by a few lamps down the middle of the nave. There was a solemn silence that was quite oppressive; ghostly figures were gliding round the gloomy pillars, and a small crowd collected round the entrance of one of the chapels on the left, in which the service was to take place. We stood breathless and silent for some time just inside the doors. We think we shall recollect that first view, and the feeling of awe that came over us, as long as we live.

Opposite us in the distance, shining like a crown set with jewels, was the tomb of St. Peter, round which seventy-six lamps burn night and day; and behind it, on the high altar, were six tall wax candles, three on each side, with a golden cross between. They burned with a soft, steady light, which did not serve to illuminate any of the surrounding objects, but just enabled you to trace the form of the altar and the spiral pillars of the baldachino, which covers the whole.

The iron gates of the chapel were still closed, and some men in long white muslin jackets, with purple skirts, were lighting candles by means of a rod with a flame at the end. We walked down to the tomb, which is in the centre of the cross under the dome, and there sat down on a bench; and in company of a French soldier, waited till the service began. Gradually our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and we began to make out the gigantic pillars and arches and the vast dome over our heads, while some of the familiar objects became dimly visible. Opposite was the bronze figure of St. Peter sitting in a chair, with one foot extended, which all the faithful kiss on entering the church. Last time we were here we saw crowds of people doing so, and others prostrate before it; and then to think it is quite possible that it may not be St. Peter after all, but a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, altered by St. Leo to represent the apostle!

We were leaning against the baldachino, a

canopy of four twisted columns, which covers the high altar and the tomb of the saint, and underneath us his mouldering remains are lying. Within a few short years of his burial here, a church was raised over his tomb by that successor who had been set apart by himself, for the holy office. The form of the original building has been altered and enlarged; each succeeding generation has added something to the magnificence of its internal decoration, but the site is still the same. Underneath this altar lie the bones of that apostle to whom the Saviour addressed the words, "Feed my sheep." Here they were conveyed after he had filled the measure of his love for his Lord and Saviour by dying in defence of the religion that He had founded. Here they have remained ever since undisturbed. Look up into the glorious dome, and there through the darkness you can almost discern the Saviour's words graven in gigantic letters round its base: "Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petram edificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum." And here below he is lying with a circle of flame like a martyr's crown above his head!

As we sit in the solemn darkness and realise all this, who could attempt to describe the thoughts and feelings that the remembrance arouses?

Three o'clock soon comes, and the ringing of a bell near the chapel informed us that the service was about to begin; a crowd of people were collected by this time, which we joined, and found a place just inside the door. We had scarcely taken up our position before the ceremony commenced; first came a long train of boys walking two and two, all dressed the same, in purple petticoats and white muslin bodies, like the men who were lighting the candles. These entered, and ranged themselves each side of the chapel. Next came some priests, attired in pale yellow robes reaching down to their feet, and a large gold spade embroidered on the back; in the middle of these was the bishop in a gorgeous dress of yellow and gold, with a high yellow mitre on the top of his head; these all entered with their hands held palm to palm and pointing forwards. Whilst the procession was coming in, the organ played some beautiful music in a most joyous strain; it was one of those airs which keeps running through the whole piece with variations: first the treble taking it up, and then the bass, whilst the treble played an accompaniment.

The bishop, whose name I did not catch, was a mild-looking old man, with a gentle face, which was deeply wrinkled. He was conducted up the steps to the altar, and there by the priests was placed in a chair, where he remained all through the service. But before it commenced they crowded round him, and his mitre was taken off with great ceremony. In front of the altar where two large candelabras, shaped like palm-trees, with a forest of wax candles in each. Besides these were two others, in a crescent shape, with twenty-four lights in each; and the whole of the rest of the chapel was brilliantly illuminated. In front of the altar and about the middle of the chapel was a

reading-desk, with a large book on it; from where we stood we could see the notes printed black and red in a large type.

I can't pretend exactly to describe the service, all of which consisted of music; but two priests at the commencement chanted from this volume; at intervals the singers joined in full chorus. There were two organs, one on each side above the stalls, with a gallery in front, in which the singers stood, led by a man at a small desk with a roll of paper in his hand, who beat time most audibly with it on the music-stand. The music was pretty, but it was difficult to divest oneself of the idea of its being rather *theatrical*, partly from this man's leading but chiefly from the character of the music itself, which was rather of the Italian operatic school than the more devotional strains of Mozart, and Beethoven, or Handel, to which we are accustomed in our cathedrals.

The thing that struck us as the most extraordinary was the wonderful way in which the service was cut up. A few words from the desk, then some solo or chorus from the galleries, the advancing of various priests, going through ceremonies of bowing each way, and kneeling for a few seconds; the surrounding of the bishop, and taking off and putting on his mitre. Of course we did not understand even half of these; and, indeed, the various forms and ceremonies were so numerous and so complicated that it seemed a wonder how they could recollect them *themselves*. Meanwhile the heat from the wax candles was intense, and the smell of garlic from the crowd round us overpowering; how some delicate English ladies, who were standing near us, could bear it, was extraordinary, but we suppose there is nothing they won't go through in the service of sight-seeing. What with the heat, the overpowering fumes of the incense, and other not so agreeable odours, we found it was more than *we* could manage. The bishop, too, looked dreadfully knocked up; he yawned repeatedly, and the wrinkles on his poor old face got deeper and deeper. We are sure he must have been longing to have been in bed, if the truth could have been known, and it was melancholy to see him, as he sat wagging his head from side to side every five seconds, in return to the salutations of those who kept passing and repassing him in the course of the service.

One thing that surprised us very much was to see him constantly spitting on the ground on the very steps of the altar! this all the rest of the priests did also. We don't know any more disagreeable sight anywhere, especially when the operation is attended with certain preliminary hydraulic processes of the most audible description; but to see it going on in a church does, indeed, surprise one. In Paris there is generally a notice affixed to the pillars, or some conspicuous place, requesting every one, out of reverence, to abstain; but here, at the fountain head, they don't appear to consider it the least desecration.

In most cases, it must do one good seeing these ceremonies once in a way, as, without wishing to give an opinion as to their suitability for a people of a different temperament to

ourselves, we think the sight must make all members of our Church more attached to their own more simple form of worship, where the congregation take *their* share in the service, and raise their voices in prayer and praise to their Creator with the priest; where the service is carried on in a language which is understood by the people, and where the prayers are all worded with that beautiful simplicity that the most illiterate can understand, and with that wonderful comprehensiveness that each may find something to express his own particular wants and satisfy his own desires.

It struck half-past four before we left. We

stood for a few minutes at the top of the steps outside; the cold night air was most refreshing, after the sickly fumes of incense, the crowd and heat we had just left. The crescent moon was high in the heavens, and filling the square with her soft silver light; not a cloud to be seen, and the stars, like diamonds, brightly shining from their deep blue setting; while the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the plashing of the fountains, as the stream shot high into the air and fell in thousands of drops into the water below. There was a lesson there, we think, that spoke to the heart, if inclined to read it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, and others of the Family. Edited B. P. Shillaber, of the Boston Post. J. C. Derby, New York. [A great many good people, who are so exceedingly engaged that they have no time to read this or that excellent work (though earnestly longing to do so), will take up this volume, look at Mrs. Partington's portrait, and a few other pictures—and end with reading the whole work!]

A Child's History of England. By Charles Dickens. Vol. 2. From the reign of Henry VI. to the Revolution of 1688. Harper & Brothers, New York. [Worthy of being read by "children of a larger growth."]

The Preservation of Health, with Remarks on Constipation, Old Age, Use of Alcohol in the Preparation of Medicines. By John C. Warren, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. [The subject of the book, and the high authority by which it is treated, will ensure many readers. The great practical importance of its counsels to every man and woman cannot be too earnestly enforced.]

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. [Thin octavo, double columns, to match collections of other authors from Reviews, &c.: with a portrait.]

An Art Student in Munich. By Anna Mary Howitt. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. [Miss Howitt has painted the best picture of the season—inheriting the genius of her mother. We promise a fresh and pleasant book.]

Field-Book for Railroad Engineers. Containing Formule for laying out curves, determining frog angles, levelling, calculating earth-work, &c., together with tables of radii, ordinates, deflections, long chords, magnetic variation, logarithms, logarithmic and natural sines, tangents, &c. &c. By John B. Henck, A.M., Civil Engineer. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

Among the various labors of scientific and practical detail, connected with the location and construction of railroads, there are two which severely test the capacity and tax the ingenuity of the engineer in direct charge of the work; the *laying out of curves*, and the *computation of earth-work*. Mr. Henck has condensed into a volume of 250 pages a great

number of formulæ and tables relating more particularly to these two things. The subject of *curves* occupies the larger portion of the text of the volume, and is treated with great thoroughness of analysis and clearness of demonstration; presenting a practical formula or rule for every case likely to occur in practice, and in no case insulting the engineer (as is done in many books of this class of much pretension), with a mere rule, but always presenting with it a sufficient demonstration. The few pages in relation to *parabolic curves* will be new to most engineers in this country.

The formulæ for computing *earth-work* are accurate and clear, and will, we think, prove of much greater service in abridging the labor of calculation than *tables* of earth-work, purporting to meet all common cases, but often failing us in the very case in hand.

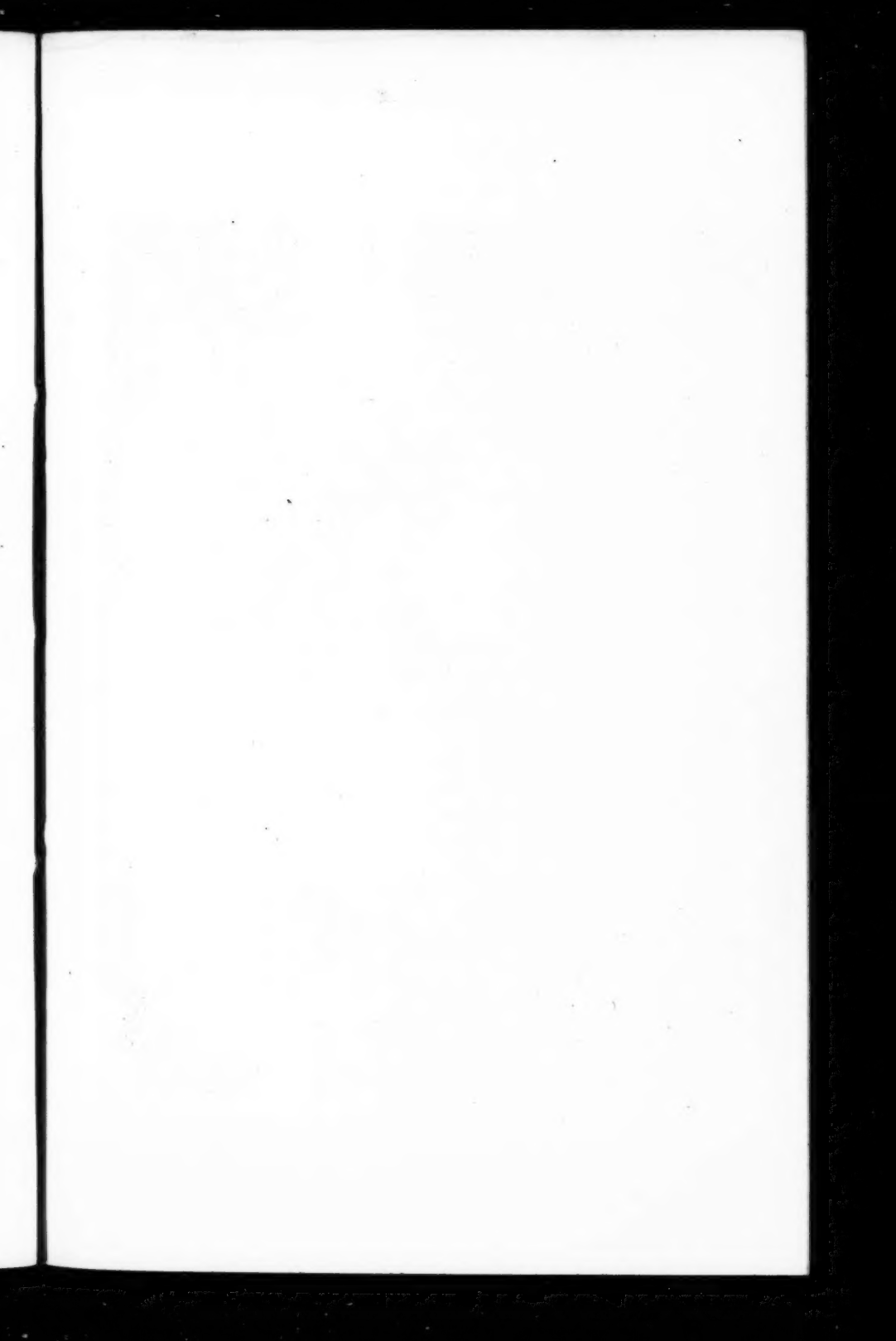
A few pages are devoted to *levelling*, and the important subject of *vertical curves* is treated intelligibly and practically.

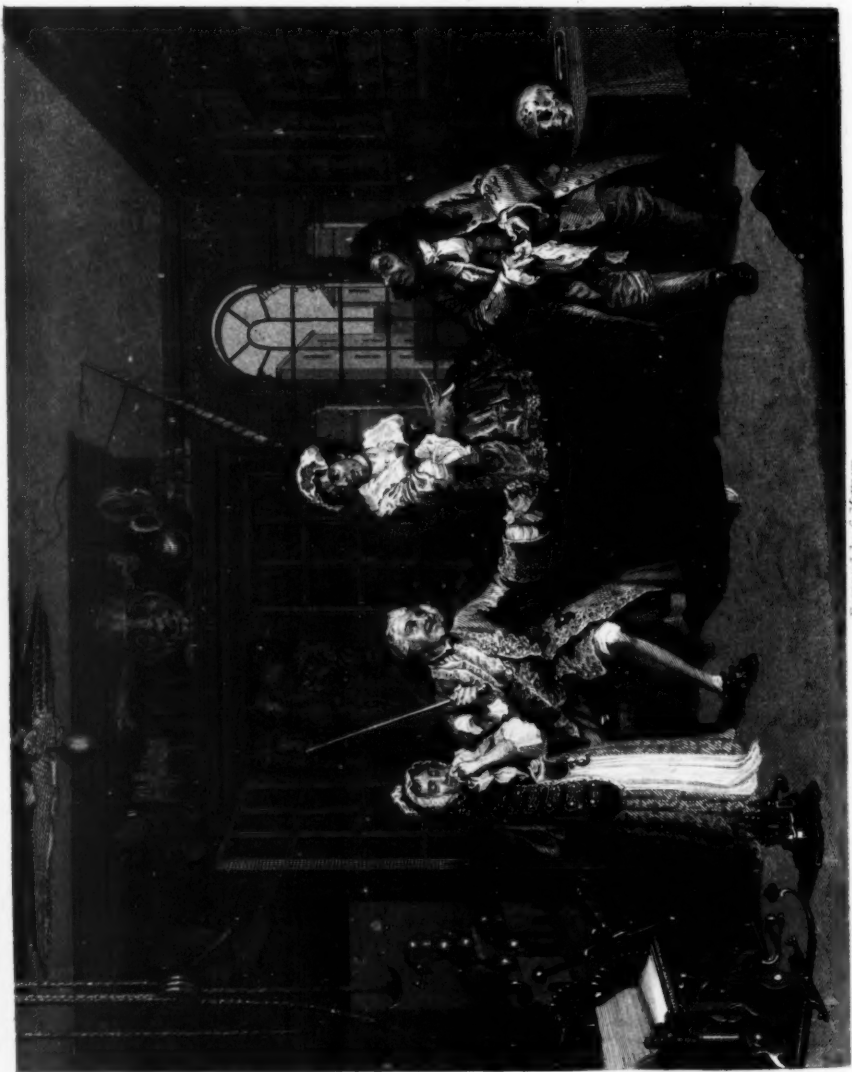
The tables of radii and ordinates, of logarithms, and of natural sines and tangents, are just what a working engineer must have with him in the field, and we have full confidence that these have been prepared and printed with great care and accuracy. Other tables of value are given, including one of *magnetic variation*, but our limits will not allow us to notice them more particularly.—*Boston Post*.

Elijah; an Oratorio. The words selected from the Old Testament, the English version, by W. Bartholomew, Esq. The music composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. George P. Reed & Co., Boston.

[The only copy heretofore published of this sublime Oratorio, was an English edition costing ten dollars. The Boston Quarto is sold at two dollars.]

Apocalyptic Sketches. Lectures on the Book of Revelations, Second Series. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., Minister of the Scotch National Church, author of Lectures on the Miracles, Parables, Daniel, &c., &c. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia. [Dr. Cumming's writings and lectures have had great currency and influence in Great Britain. This handsome edition is sold for 75 cents a volume.]





Engraved by C. Mottram.

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